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THE ESSENCE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Not for folly, not for madness,
Come and let us fill the bowl
With the essence that enlivens
All the pulses of the soul:
Wit around us then shall sparkle
While the mirthful minutes roll;
Anecdote wake many a laughter;
Poetry light up the whole.

II.

Comrade! look upon the essence:
Not a pang is in it found—
How unlike the myriad poisons
Pouring phrensy all around!
From it sinewy Health comes glowing,
Rosy-cheeked and myrtle-crowned,
While her movements play within us
Mild as moonlight-music's sound.

III.

"Whose," you ask, "the wondrous essence?
Who has thus this joy decreed?
Who could deftly thus from Nature
Being's bright elixir lead—
Life's elixir sweeter, brighter
Than the old Olympian mead?
Who?—the bright-eyed soul of Beauty,
With her star-evoking reed!

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER VII.

UNDER A CLOUD.

Margaret Glendower sat by the open door of the cot until the moon had risen, and she knew it was past ten o'clock. Yet no Julian had returned. She gazed eagerly toward the wood, and she bent her ear to listen, but she saw nothing and heard nothing.

"Some accident has befallen him," she said, fearfully. "He would not have remained at Ravendale so late."

"I ought to have gone before this," returned Mark, who had himself become nervous and uneasy. "I know somethin' must 'a happened."

"But you'll be keerful, my child," urged his mother, laying her hand tenderly upon the arm of her gray-headed boy.

"Never fear for me," he replied. "If Julian 's in danger, this is no place for me. I'll set sail at once, and heave to off Adam Nolan's as I pass. He may know somethin' of him."

The old sailor buckled on his trusty cutlass, and having stuck a brace of pistols in his belt, he prepared to set forth.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, as encouragingly as possible, to Margaret. "I'll soon overhaul him, never fear. This love is cur'ous business."

"*Love!*" repeated Margaret Glendower, with a start. "What mean you, Mark?"

"What do I mean? Why, bless you, don't ye know the way the wind blows? Hain't ye seen none o' the signs?"

"*Love?*" pursued the lady, half to herself. "And does Julian love her?"

"Loves me leddy Emma, I guess," added the old man.

"But she does not love him. She will cure him of his folly," said Margaret, hopefully.

"Yes," answered Mark, with a very suggestive shrug of the shoulders. "She'll cure him wi' a vengeance. She'll cure him just the same as good old rum 'll put out a fire. Why—Lord bless ye, d'ye think a young leddy like her could see and know Julian Glendower without lovin' him? The thing 'd be a moral onpossibility."

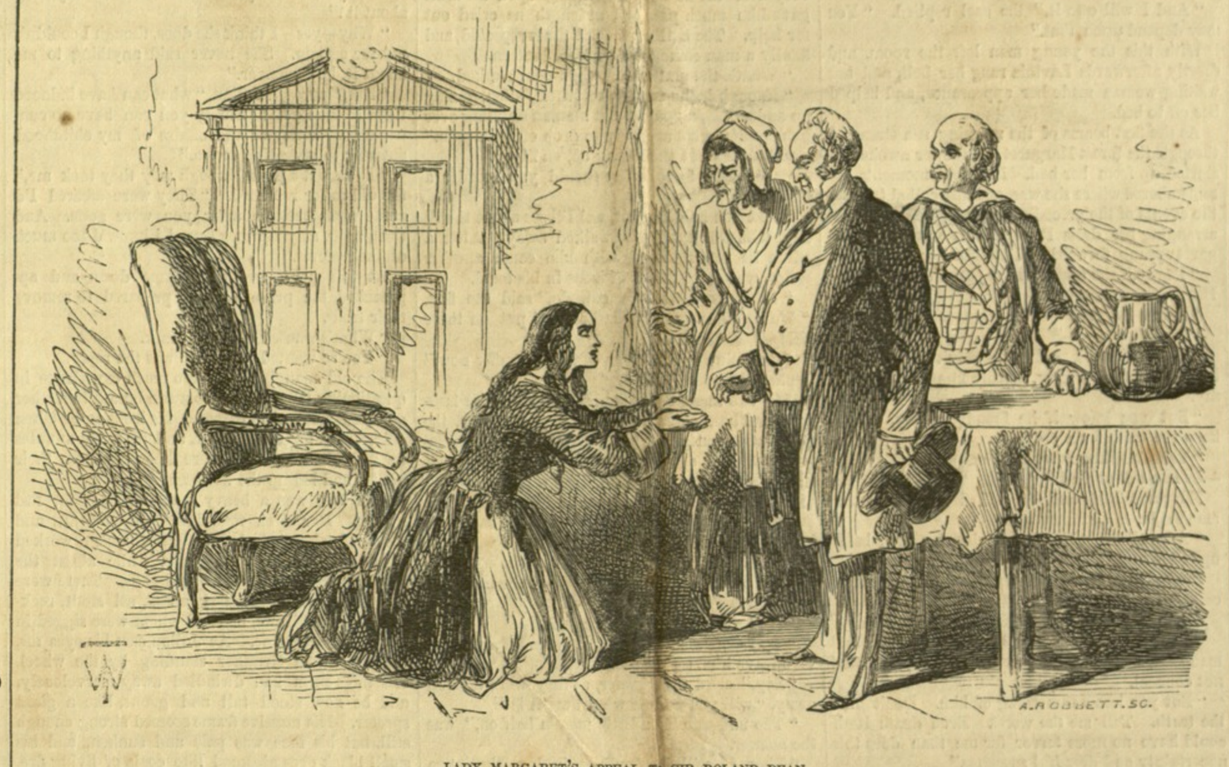
Mark delivered this opinion with marked emphasis, and seemed to think that Mrs. Glendower would feel flattered by it; but in this he was mistaken. She trembled more than before, and cast a beseeching look into his face.

"My thoughts are confused," she said, pressing her hand upon her brow. "He told me of this love—he told me he was happy—and yet I had forgotten it in a darker fear. He knows not the evil he courts. Find him, Mark—find him, and bring him home to me. Oh! I ought not to have come here. I should have remained in Scotland, and had him join me there!"

"Why—bless my soul, ma'am—aren't ye takin' on for noth'n? There can't be no harm for Julian now. I know them bloody pirates 'a got a spite ag'in him; but what else is there to fear?"

"Alas! good Mark, you know nothing about it. Do you think the pirates had anything against me? Oh! there 's more danger than ye wot of. But go and find my boy, and on the morrow we will leave this place. There can be no safety here. I had thought that after so many years the past might be forgotten. But I was blind and foolish!"

Mark waited a few moments, but as Margaret spoke no further, he turned away and left the cot. The moon was just lifting its full face above the tree-tops, and the old sailor needed no other light. As he cast his eyes toward the wood, he thought he saw several dark forms moving near the trees, but they quickly disappeared, and after reflecting upon the circumstance a few moments, he concluded that it must have been only a blur upon his vision, so he moved on at a quick pace, and soon reached the wood. At this point he loosened the pistols in his belt, not that he really feared any danger, but that he might be prepared in case it should come.



LADY MARGARET'S APPEAL TO SIR ROLAND DEAN.

He had gained some distance in the forest—perhaps half a mile, or more—when he was sure he heard footsteps behind him. He stopped and looked back, but could see no moving thing. Again he moved on, this time faster than before, but pretty soon he heard the same sound again. He did not stop, however, but kept on his way, and quickened his pace; and when it finally became evident that he was really followed, he drew one of his pistols, and held it cocked in his hand.

"Hallo!" at length hailed a voice behind him.

Mark stopped and turned.

"Can't ye heave-to an' keep company with a man?"

The new-comer was a short, stout-built fellow, wearing a short jacket and close-fitting Scotch cap, but it was too dark in the deep wood to make out much of his features. Only mark could see that he was a sailor, and that he had every appearance of being a rough customer.

"Whither ye bound at this time o' night, an' in this wood, shipmate?"

"On business o' me own," replied Mark, rather shortly, for he did not like the fellow's manner. He still held his pistol in his hand, but kept it out of sight.

"I wouldn't be inquisitive," said the stranger, in a lower tone, "for I myself might be questioned, too. But I'm not known in these parts, and am not acquainted here."

"You're a sailor," suggested Mark.

"In course I be."

"A—coaster, perhaps."

"Not a bit of it. I'm a reg'lar man-o'-warsman."

"Eh? A man-o'-warsman?" repeated Mark.

"Aye—mayhap ye think I'm cruisin' in strange waters."

"I don't know as I can say that, 'cause I'm a man-o'-warsman mesel', an' ye see I'm cruisin' in the same latitude. But then I'm acquainted here. I was born close by here."

"Ah—good. Then mayhap ye can tell me if I'm on the right course for Ravendale?"

"Exactly. Ye're goin' there, I s'pose."

"Yes. I've a message for an officer there is there."

"Eh?—an officer?"

"Yes."

"What officer is there at the hall!"

"Mr. Glendower. I met a man on the road who said he saw him there just before dark."

"Bless me," uttered Mark; "an' I'm goin' arter the same man. Have ye a message from headquarters?"

"Aye—I have a sealed packet here in my bosom, an' I've come away up here to give it to him."

As the fellow thus spoke he placed his hand within the breast of his jacket, as though he would exhibit the packet of which he had made mention. Mark had been entirely thrown off his guard, and had allowed his pistol to hang by his side, and while he looked for the forthcoming packet, the stranger started as though something had occurred to interrupt him.

"Did you hear that?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Hear what?" returned Mark.

"I thought I heard a sound behind us. Hark!"

They both stopped, and as Mark cast his eyes back, his companion quickly drew a short club from his bosom, and dealt him a blow upon the head. But the stroke did not have the intended effect, for the old man had caught the motion with his eye in season to incline his head upon one side, and the club glanced off and fell upon the shoulder. He had been too long used to danger and conflict to lose his presence of mind in such an emergency. He leaped back the moment the club fell from his shoulder, and raising his pistol with a quick, sure aim, he fired.

"Ye lyin' son of a gun!" he growled, "take that for yer pains. *You* a man-o'-warsman! Ye're a bloody pirate—that's what *you* are!"

The fellow reeled back as the report of the pistol rang out upon the still night air, and fell upon the greensward.

"By the big book," muttered Mark to himself, "I'd like to know what the son of a sea-cook meant by such a salute. Say!" he cried, stooping down and giving the body a shake, "can't ye speak? Hallo!"

But no amount of shaking could bring life back to that body, with a bullet-hole through its heart. Mark had assured himself that the man was dead, and was upon the point of rising, when he was startled by the tramp of feet close at hand, and before he could regain a position for defense, he was seized by the arms and thrown back upon the greensward. He saw a number of stout men about him—he could not then tell how many—but enough, at all events, to quickly overpower him. He struggled some, but his efforts were of no avail; and as soon as his arms had been lashed behind him, he was lifted to his feet.

"Bill is dead!" at this moment cried one of the ruffians, who had been examining the prostrate form.

"Dead, is he?" returned the man who held Mark by the arm.

"Dead as a stone."

"And this is some of your work."

"Aye," answered Mark, madly; "and I'm only sorry that I couldn't serve ye all in the same way. I'd like to know what ye mean by all this. What have I done, that ye should hunt me thus?"

"Never mind about that. It's enough now that you've killed one of our men."

"But I had reason for it, and you know it. Now tell me what ye mean."

"We mean to put you where ye'll be safe, so you needn't ask us no more questions."

"But say," persisted the old sailor, "ye can have no reason for this. I never did ye harm. Let me go."

"Not just yet, shipmate. We'll let ye go by-and-by, but we've got business with ye first. Pick up the dead body," he added, turning to his men, "and fetch it along, for we must be making off as soon as we can."

Then he turned to Mark, and, with a rough jerk upon the shoulder, bade him move on. The old man could now see that there were half-a-dozen of the villains, and, as his arms were powerless, he knew that resistance would be useless, so he walked along, as he was bidden. He tried several times to gain some information touching the reason of this outrage, but he was answered only by rough refusals, and he finally gave it up, and suffered himself to be led away through the dark wood in silence.

* * * * *

At midnight Margaret Glendower sat by the open door, and gazed off across the moonlit field. She was pale and anxious, and her thin white hands were clasped upon her bosom, for she had been praying.

"Come, Margaret," spoke Dame Warrenton, "do you go to bed, and let me watch. It is not time for them to come back yet. Mark has not been gone over an hour and a half, and ye know it's over two hours to walk there and back again."

"I know," returned Mrs. Glendower, trying to speak hopefully; "but I will sit up. I could not sleep if I retired. But do you go to bed, good mother. One is enough to be up."

"I could not sleep any more than you could, my child; so if you must sit up, we must both sit up."

And there they sat, the aged parent and the middle-aged, watching for the return of their children. The man of three-score, with the frost of years upon his brow, was as anxiously regarded by his mother as though he had been a stripling, and she could not forget that he was her "darling boy." No frost had yet touched her heart. The branches of the tree had felt the blight, and the summer's bloom had departed, but within the tide of life was warm as ever, and the dews of affection distilled as gently and sweetly in her soul as the breath of Heaven. But her love bore no such pain along with it as racked the heart of Margaret Glendower. The latter could see a vulture swooping down upon her child. She could see a fearful storm gathering over him, and she might not have the power to avert it. She prayed to God that she might see him once again—that she might clasp him once more to her bosom—and then flee from that place.

The two watchers sat there by the open door, and the moments sped on. Finally Margaret started from her chair.

"I can bear this suspense no longer!" she cried. "I will away at once and find my boy!"

"Mercy!" ejaculated the dame, in alarm, "ye would not venture out alone in the forest?"

"I would venture anything," returned the other, moving towards the spot where her hood and shawl hung against the wall. "I must either find my child—find *our* children, mother—or I must know what has happened to them. There is no danger for me. I will stop at the lodge and get Adam to help me."

"Then I shall go, too," said the old lady.

"No, no, mother. I should fly away from you ere you had taken a dozen steps. Stay you here, and let me go. I will make all haste."

"But," urged the dame, trembling with apprehension, "think of the danger."

"No, no—there will be none now. Who will expect to find me in the forest at this hour? Say no more, mother, for I must go. I should die to stay here racked with the agony of such suspense. Oh, my boy! my boy!—my only hope—my only joy! Should harm come to him now I should be miserable indeed. It would have been better had I never lived! I ought not to have brought him here. I should have known better. But I must seek him now. Rest you easy until I return."

Dame Warrenton would have interposed further, but Margaret would not listen. She tied on her hood, and having thrown her shawl over her shoulders, she hastened from the cot. Across the wide field she flew, and when she reached the wood she hurried on without hindrance, for the moon now sailed high enough to throw its silver beams upon the path. She only looked from her direct course to see that she did not pass any fainting form by the wayside, and nothing occurred to stop her until she reached the woodman's lodge. Here she thumped loudly upon the door, and Adam Nolan soon made his appearance.

"What—is't thou, Margaret Glendower?" he cried, as he recognized the pale face by the moonlight.

"It is I, good Adam. I seek my boy. Has he passed this way?"

The thought of some evil at once flashed upon the mind of the woodman, and he hesitated ere he answered.

"Thou hast seen him," the woman exclaimed, as she noticed his trouble. "Whither went he?"

"Come in, Margaret, and I will get a light. I have seen thy son; but fear not too much yet. You need go no further, so come in. He has not reached home, eh?"

"No—neither he nor Mark," replied the woman, as she entered the lodge, and sank into a seat.

"Mark! But what of him?" asked Adam.

"He set off after Julian near three hours ago. Have you seen him?"

"No. He has not been this way."

At this point Peggy came out from her room, and at once offered all the assistance in her power.

"You have seen Julian?" said Margaret, gazing up into the woodman's face.

"Yes. He passed here just at nightfall, on his way home, and I accompanied him part of the way, and then left him. He was safe and sound then."

"Oh! then some evil has befallen him," cried the unhappy woman, clasping her hands wildly before her eyes. "I must away again!"

"No, no—let me go," urged Adam, putting her gently back into her seat, "you would not know where to look. I know the whole forest, and can search to advantage. Peggy, look to her, and I will hasten away."

Margaret seemed to realize that it would be better for the man to go, for she made no opposition, but suffered her head to be drawn upon Peggy's bosom. She had need enough of rest, and, despite her anxiety, she quickly fell asleep.

"Poor thing!" whispered Adam, as he came out with his ax and pistols slung, "she must have suffered; and I fear she may suffer more. But keep her safe, Peggy, and I'll be back as soon as may be."

With this the woodman quitted the cot, and took his way along the narrow path that led to the coast. He was not long in reaching the little hill that overlooked Midnight Bay, and he was just in season to see the pirate brig standing out to sea. He watched her until she had rounded the headland and passed from sight, and then he turned back towards his lodge. When he entered it he found his wife alone.

"Where is Margaret?" he asked.

"She has gone to bed," returned Peggy. "She was so faint and worn, poor thing, that I made her do it. But what have you found, Adam?"

"I've found enough, Peggy—more than I wished to find."

"You do not think Julian Glendower is at Woldhill?"

"No—he's at sea."

"At sea? With the pirate?"

"I fear it."

"I promised Margaret that she should be called when you came."

"Call her not now. Let her sleep. Let her gain what strength she can, for the blow will come heavy enough upon her. Ah—there's some mystery here."

"That there is, Adam."

"Hark! Is she awake?"

"No. She's only moaning in her sleep."

"Poor thing!"

CHAPTER VIII.

DOINGS AT WOLDHILL.

Woldhill was the residence of Sir Thomas Cleaveland, Earl of Stanbury. It was a half castellated old structure, erected in the time of the second Edward, but many additions had been made to the original building, and many alterations for comfort and convenience. It stood upon the summit of a noble hill, and commanded one of the finest views to be obtained in that section. Its broad lands stretched for miles away, and a thousand stout peasants paid tribute of rent to its owner. It was late in the evening, and in one of the larger apartments were three persons. The young earl our readers already know. He was pacing up and down the carpeted floor, stopping ever and anon at a window which looked to the eastward, and gazing out upon the waters of the sea, beyond which the moon was just rising.

By a small table, which stood beneath one of the great hanging lamps, sat a woman, somewhat past the middle age, engaged in deciphering an old manuscript, upon which some genius of the past had drawn quaint pictures. She was a short, stumpy person, with sandy hair, and a dull, gray eye, and was certainly very far from being either handsome or comely. And beneath the touch of fifty winters many streaks of white had fallen upon her coarse hair, which did not add at all to her charms. Such was Annabella Cleaveland, the mother of the earl.

The third person in the group, and by far the most striking of the trio, was a woman past fourscore. She had been once tall in stature, but she was bent now, and her shoulders were humped. Her hair was thin and white; her brow narrow and contracted; her sharp, gray eyes sunk far into her head her nose hooked like a buzzard's beak; her teeth all gone; and her chin prominent and sharp. Deep furrows lay all over her dark face, and her appearance was forbidding in the extreme. She was dressed in black, with huge puffs in her sleeves, and a stiffly starched pointed collar about her neck. This was Lavinia, and the earl called her grandmother, though she was only stepmother to the former earl. She was the second wife of Sir William Cleaveland. She had nursed his first wife during her last sickness, and some time after the fair countess was laid in her grave she continued to work herself into her place. Sir William made her his wife, but he sent his only child, Owen, who was then but a boy, away to be educated. When Owen was twenty years of age his father died, and he came home and assumed the title, and took possession of the property. He got along with his stepmother as well as he could, though the domestics said that she gave him much trouble. He married when he was five-and-thirty, and died about a year afterwards, when his son was only two months old.

The old servants whispered among themselves that he would never have married with Annabella had not the ugly Lady Lavinia worried him into it. But they were very careful how they spoke, for the "ugly Lady Lavinia" was not to be offended with impunity. Moreover, when Sir Owen died his stepmother was left to manage the vast estate, and she also helped Annabella rear her child. Thomas grew up as we have seen him, not remarkable for his manly beauty or gentleness of disposition, and at the age of one-and-twenty he entered into full possession of his estates and title. Though the lady Annabella was his own mother; and though none of the Lady Lavinia's blood flowed in the veins of his father, yet he acknowledged more the rule of the latter than of the former. In short, his grandmother had had him in control

from childhood, and her word had been law at Woldhill.

"Thomas," spoke the old woman, in a sharp, harsh, cracked voice, which well accorded with her face and form, "are you sure this will be done?"

"Am I sure?" answered the young earl, stopping in his walk and facing the speaker. "Of course I am sure."

"And you think you can trust these men more safely than you could trust any of your own retainers?"

"Aye—I know it. These freebooters are bound to me, and dare not, for their own sakes, make known the work. Their own crimes bind them to silence. But it is not so with any of the men I have about me. I have some desperate characters here, it is true; but I would not trust them so far. But the young rascal is safe enough now. We shall be troubled no more with him."

"And how is it with that old sailor?"

Before the earl could answer, a servant made his appearance and announced that a man desired to see him in the hall. He went out, and when he returned he seemed to have learned something which had pleased him.

"It's all settled," he said, as he approached his grandmother. "Mark Warrenton is safe."

"Have you sure intelligence?" asked the old woman, eagerly.

"The surest in the world," replied Sir Thomas. "One of his captors has just called here to inform me. So we shall not be troubled by him. I kind o' hated to consign the old man to such a fate, but he might make a deal of fuss after the lieutenant, and it's better that he should be out of the way."

"Of course it is," cried Lavinia. "What are the lives of a thousand such men compared with the things which we have at stake?"

"But we have nothing to fear now," said Annabella, in a drawling, lazy tone.

"All is not yet safe, by any means," answered Lavinia, with a wicked snap of her sunken eyes. "Margaret Glendower is still at large. That must not be."

"But won't she clear out if she's left alone?" suggested Annabella.

"Will a lioness clear out when its whelp is stolen?" cried Lavinia, savagely. "I would as soon have her son back as to have her loose!"

Annabella sank back into her seat, and devoted herself once more to the examination of the curious pictures before her, while her son and the old woman resumed the conversation.

"She must be cared for," the earl said; "and we might have been rid of her ere this had it not been for that hot-headed son of hers. The rovers would have had her on board the brig in four-and-twenty hours longer."

"If they'd only finished her when they had her," muttered the beldam grandmother, with a fiendish twist of the head, "she'd have been out of our way now!"

Even Thomas Cleaveland, with all his wickedness and hardness of heart, felt a chill in his veins as the shriveled woman said this, but he quickly shook the feeling off, and then replied:

"But it is not too late now. We can contrive some means to dispose of her."

"Bring her here, boy," said Lavinia. "Place her once within my power, and I'll do the rest."

"What would you do?" asked Annabella, looking up again from her pictures.

"Never mind. She should be cared for."

"What's the use?" pursued the dumpy woman. "She can't harm us. She won't have the courage."

"You had better retire, Annabella," said the old grandmother, authoritatively. "You must be tired and sleepy."

"Not half so tired and sleepy as poor Margaret Glendower would be if she should fall into your clutches—eh?"

"Annabella!"

"You heard me, mother."

"And didn't you hear me?"

"Yes—but I've such a curious picture here. Just look. Here is a hawk after a dove. The ugly bird swoops down and seizes the poor little thing in his sharp claws. See."

"Well—what of that?" said Lavinia, impatiently.

"O but that isn't all. The next picture is part of the same. A hunter, with a stout cross-bow, has sent a sharp arrow right through the hawk's heart, and the dove flies away unharmed. Isn't it funny?"

"Go to bed, child." The old woman spoke more mildly and persuasively as she said this, and Annabella arose from her chair; but before she reached the door she stopped and turned.

"Mother," she said, with a strange, wandering light in her dull, gray eye, "aren't we all hawks and doves—and aren't the hunters, with their cross-bows and arrows, all about us?"

"You are foolish to talk so, Annabella. What has possessed you?"

"The spirit of a dark night, with storm and tempest, has possessed me. Hark! hear it blow now. Hear the wind howl over the sea! Hear the youth cry aloud, and hear his tormentor laugh! Ha, ha, ha——"

"Annabella!"

"Oh—ye needn't look at me so savage, mother, nor speak so grandly, for I've authority here, I'd have you know. Aren't I mother of the earl? Aren't I as good as a countess? But—hear it howl? How long will the storm and tempest last, think you? Will Dixon Grunker return?"

At this point Lavinia arose from her chair, and though she hobbled as she walked, and her back seemed painfully bent, yet there was much muscular power in her motion, and her deep-set eyes gleamed like stars. She seized Annabella by the arm, but she curbed her anger ere she spoke.

"My child," she said, "you must retire. Here—come with me;" and thus speaking she led her, unresisting, from the room.

In a little while Lavinia returned, and resumed her seat in the great oaken chair, while the earl took the seat which had just been vacated.

"Thomas," said the old woman, in a troubled tone, "your mother acts strangely of late."

"I know she does," returned the earl. "I noticed it some time since."

"When did you first notice anything of the kind?"

"Why," said the young man, thoughtfully, "she was never very remarkable for brightness of thought."

"True," added Lavinia. "She never had great intellect; but she is a good woman. However—when did you first notice this strange forgetfulness, and fanciful imagination in her manner?"

"It was about the time the North Sea Rover made his appearance here."

"So it was," said the old woman, with a start. "I remember now. But we must look to her, boy. I fear her mind is wandering."

"So I have feared. She certainly shows signs of it."

"And we must not trust her with our secrets, or our plans. We had better be careful how we converse in her presence. Perhaps we should have thought of this before."

"Never mind" returned Sir Thomas. "We can watch her."

When he had spoken thus he left his seat and went to the window again. He stood there some moments, and then walked across the room, and returned. This was repeated many times, until finally he turned from the window with an exclamation of relief.

"All is safe now," he cried. "They have made the signal."

"What signal, boy?"

"The signal they were to make when they were all on board, and ready to sail. So all is safe in that quarter; and I'll now to bed."

"There is one thing I would speak of," Lavinia said, "for I am anxious to see you more firmly settled down, and to see our house prosper. I allude to your marriage with the lady Emma. What have you done towards that end?"

"Only to examine the lay of the land," replied the earl, somewhat lightly. "But there's no danger there. I am sure of the consent of her father, and that will be enough."

"But do you think she would refuse you?"

"I don't know. I don't think she loves me, though my wealth and title may dazzle her into it. If that confounded young Glendower hadn't interfered in that little plan of mine, I'd have had her fast before this time. But there's no danger in that quarter. She's as good as mine now."

"You must secure her, my boy. With Ravendale attached to Woldhill you would own the finest estate in all Yorkshire."

"And I will own it," the earl replied. "You may depend upon that."

With this the young man left the room, and shortly afterwards Lavinia rang her bell, and her waiting-woman made her appearance, and helped her off to bed.

As the first beams of the morning sun streamed through the forest Margaret Glendower awoke and started up from her bed. In a few moments she remembered where she was, and also called to mind the events of the preceding night. While she was arranging her dress Peggy Nolan entered. Margaret sprang forward and caught her by the arm.

"Peggy," she cried, "have they found my boy? Has Adam returned?"

"Adam has returned," the woman answered.

"And Julian——"

"You must ask Adam. I don't know all he found," replied Peggy, hardly knowing what to say.

"But you know if he found my boy. Don't keep the truth from me."

"There's Adam now, in the other room. Come—he can tell you all."

Margaret hastened out, and flew to the woodman's side.

"Adam," she whispered, laying both her hands upon his arm, "what did you find?"

"Sit down, Margaret. Sit thee down, and be calm."

She sat down, but still held him by the arm.

"I didn't find thy boy, Margaret," the stout man said, with an emotion of dread which he could not conceal.

"But you know something of him. Don't hide the truth. Tell me the worst. Even death itself could have no more terror for me than does this uncertainty and dreadful suspense."

"Well, Margaret, I fear thy son has been captured and carried off by the pirates."

"Merciful God!" gasped the poor woman, letting her hands drop by her side; but in a moment more she clasped them upon her brow, and groaned aloud.

"He may come back," said Adam, in a persuasive tone.

"Oh! you know not the dark power that is over him. But," she exclaimed, starting up, "where is Mark? He may hasten away for help. If the officers of Julian's ship could know of this they might pursue the pirate."

"Alas!" returned the woodman, "I fear Mark, too, has been taken."

"Mark taken?—and by the pirates?"

"Yes."

"Oh!—woe! woe! Why did I come here!"

At this moment a horse stopped before the door, and a moment afterward Sir Roland Dean entered the lodge.

"I'm up and out before you this morning," the baronet cried, giving his trusty woodman a slap upon the shoulder. "But," he added, as he noticed Margaret, "what is this? Mrs. Glendower? What has happened?"

Under the impulse of the moment the agonized woman threw herself upon her knees at his feet, and raised her clasped hands before him.

"Oh! kind sir," she cried, "they have stolen away my boy. You are powerful—you have authority here—perhaps you can save him. For the love of God help me if you can."

"But," returned the baronet, taking her by the hand and raising her to her feet, "what has happened? Who has stolen away your boy?"

"The pirates, sir! They seized him in the wood last night."

"Adam," said Sir Roland, turning to his woodman, "do you know anything of this?"

In as few words as possible the man told what he had heard and seen.

"Oh, sir!" implored Margaret, "if you would see the young earl, and find out what they have done with my boy!"

"The earl?" repeated Sir Roland, in surprise. "What can he know of it?"

"He may know something," replied the woman. "But you need not tell him that I said aught against him."

"There is something strange here," the baronet said, gazing into Margaret's troubled face. "What can Sir Thomas Cleaveland have had to do with your son, or with these pirates?"

Margaret clasped her hands, but could not answer. Adam, however, saw her trouble, and came to her assistance.

"You know that Julian Glendower wounded the pirate chief very badly in the forest, when he rescued the lady Emma," said the woodman.

"Aye—I know that," answered Sir Roland, opening his eyes.

"And did ye know that the earl had the wounded chieftain taken to his own house, and there nursed and cared for?"

"Is that so, Adam?"

"It is, sir. Dixon Grunker was taken up to Woldhill on the very night after he was wounded, and there he's been ever since, unless he's sailed now, which I think is very likely."

"And you think the earl has had some hand in the removing of Julian, do you?"

"I fear so, sir," replied Margaret, to whom the question was addressed.

"Aha—I see," the baronet cried, after a moment's thought. "Sir Thomas is jealous! By heavens, I have it now. Do you not think such is the case? He fears your son will stand in the way of his suit with the lady Emma."

"It may be so," uttered Margaret, spasmodically, catching at the idea thus thrown out.

"Then very likely the youth will only be removed for a while," remarked Sir Roland. "So do not give up yet. I will do what I can for you. Keep up a good heart, and put your trust in God. By the knighthood I bear, if Sir Thomas Cleaveland has been guilty of this thing, I'll know it."

When the baronet was gone Margaret remembered that she should return to the cot and inform Dame Warrenton of what had transpired, and when she set out Adam accompanied her. They reached their destination in safety, and when Margaret Glendower saw the grief of her aged friend she forgot part of her own sorrow. Adam Nolan said all he could to give them hope, but he little dreamed of the deep cause of alarm they had. He did not know of the hidden things of which the stricken mothers dared not speak.

CHAPTER IX.

"WALKING THE PLANK!"

When Julian Glendower came to his senses, he knew by the motion of the hard bed upon which he lay that he was at sea. He tried to raise himself upon his elbow, but he found his arms so pinioned that he could not do it. It was totally dark where he was, but he could hear the tramp of feet overhead, and as his senses became more clear, and his thoughts more connected, he could distinguish the creaking of blocks, and the rattle of loose rigging. He was not long in calling to mind the events of the night, and he finally made up his mind that he was on board the pirate brig. He knew that he must be upon the berth-deck, and very near the bows. The lashing upon his arms gave him much pain, and at length he cried out for help. The call was several times repeated, and finally a man came to him with a lantern.

"What's the matter?" the new-comer asked.

"Enough 's the matter," returned Julian, gazing up and seeing a rough, stout seaman standing over him. "My arms are ready to drop off with pain."

"An' ye want the lashing off, eh?"

"Of course I do. Why should you murder a man thus?"

"Just you hold on a bit, an' I'll see about that." And with this the fellow walked away. After a while he returned, and with him came another sailor, who carried a set of irons in his hand.

"I'll tell ye what we can do," said the first. "We can cast off them lashin's an' put on these things. How's that?"

"Anything is better than the pain I suffer now," replied the youth.

The two men bent over him, and when the lashings had been cast from his arms and ankles, the irons were put upon him. They were as appendages of real comfort compared with the bonds which had been removed, for they only curbed his powers of locomotion without giving any pain. He could now sit up, and as soon as the men had finished their work Julian asked them where he was.

"Ye're at sea, me hearty," replied the man who held the lantern.

"And on board the Rover, am I?"

"Why—we're rovin' some, I s'pose. Come Jack, let's leave him, an' let him nap it."

"Say," cried the prisoner, as they were turning away, "will you tell me what time it is?"

"The mid-watch is a little more'n half off," was the answer.

"Then it will be daylight in less than two hours!"

"Guess 'twill."

"Will you bring me some water?"

One of the men said he would, and he was as good as his word, returning in a few moments with a large pewter pot full. Julian drank nearly half of it, and then begged the man to bathe his head with the rest.

"Ye got considerable of a crack on yer head, eh?" the fellow said, as he set his lantern down.

"Yes—I did," replied our hero.

"It aches, don't it!"

"Yes—badly."

"Then this may make it feel better;" and thus saying the man commenced to bathe his head, and when he had used up all the water he went away.

The youth felt much easier now, and as a sense of drowsiness came over him he lay back upon the mattrass which had been thrown down for him, and soon fell asleep.

When he next awoke he found that it was daylight, though but little light penetrated to the place where he was. He could now see that he was close forward, upon the berth-deck, and that the light came down the main hatchway, directly abaft which was a bulkhead. There were some twenty or thirty hammocks slung from the beams, but they were empty, the crew being probably all on deck. He had no longer any question as to the character of the vessel, for he knew very well that no merchantman could have such a deck; and of course he was not on board any naval craft. There was a dull, heavy sensation about his brow, but no acute pain. His arms were somewhat lame from the effects of the lashing which had been upon them, but the swelling had subsided, and they felt far easier than before. He was just upon the point of rising to his feet when a familiar voice sounded in his ear.

"Julian, me boy, is that you?"

He looked in the direction from which the voice proceeded, and saw, a little further forward, and upon the opposite side of the deck, old Mark Warrenton.

"Mark," he cried, shuffling along to where the old man sat, "is this you?"

"It looks like me, don't it," the latter replied, holding out his hands, upon the wrists of which, clanked a pair of heavy irons.

"But how came you here? How did they get you?" asked Julian, grasping his extended hands.

"I s'pose I must a' come the same as you did. I was fetched by the pirates."

"Then we are on board the pirate brig!"

"In course we are."

"But how did they get you, Mark?"

"Why—I went out arter you, me boy, an' they overhauled and captured me."

"Did they give any reasons for doing so?"

"Not a bit. I couldn't get a word out of 'em on the subject. But didn't they tell you anything?"

"They've had no chance. I was knocked senseless by a man behind me before I was captured, and in that situation I was brought on board. But you have seen something!"

"Yes. I went out arter you, as I was sayin', an' was attacked by half a dozen of 'em. I shot one of 'em, an' the others fell upon me while I was on my knees by his side, and made an easy prize of this old hulk. I was then led down to the shore of the bay, where a boat was waitin' an' fetched aboard this brig. The first man I seed when I stepped over the side was Dixon Grunker. He didn't look so stout an' rugged as when I seed him afore, but he looked ugly enough to make up for it. I tell ye he's lost some flesh since ye give him that poke atween the ribs."

"I should think it likely," said Julian. "But how did he act? What did he say?"

"Nothin'. He only looked daggers at me, and then told 'em to carry me below an' put me in irons. I asked him what I'd done that he should treat me so, but he wouldn't give me no answer. And now, Julian," continued the old man, with much earnestness, "I want you to tell me, if ye can, what all this means. I'm satisfied that it's somethin' concernin' what yer mother talked about. Can't ye tell me?"

"Not a word, Mark," replied the youth, solemnly. "I wish to Heaven I could. But I know no more about it than the child unborn. I only know that there is something—that my mother has had fears of some evil that might happen to me."

"Aye—she's afeared o' the earl," said Mark, suggestively.

"I know it, but I know no more. Why he should seek harm to me is more than I can imagine."

"Me boy," resumed the old man, "there's somethin' wery deep here. There's somethin' wery mysterious. Depend upon it, there's somethin' back of all this—somethin' that happened afore ye went to India with me."

"I am sure of it," replied Julian, musingly. "And can't you think what it may be? You were an old man, even then, and must have seen what was going on."

"I know nothin', Julian. When I got home from that cruise, you an' yer mother had just come down from Scotland. She'd come on purpose to send ye off wi' me, and that's all I ever know'd. I thought 'twas kind o' strange that she should send ye off so young, but then, ye know, she happened to have friends in Calcutta that could look arter ye, an' I didn't ask no questions."

"Do you think your mother knows anything about it?"

"Why—yes—I think she does, though I couldn't say for certain. She never said anything to me about it, howsumever."

"But," pursued Julian, "what can have induced them to take you? Surely you can have no connexion with any of the affairs of my childhood anterior to my going to sea."

"I think it's plain enough why they took me," the old sailor returned. "They were afeared I'd make some trouble arter you were gone. And then, agin, mayhap they feared I know'd too much of their secret."

At this point two men came down and approached the prisoners, and prepared to remove their irons.

"What's wanted?" asked Mark.

"You're wanted on deck," was the reply.

The old man had had too much experience in questioning these fellows to waste breath in further questions now, so he allowed his irons to be taken off without further remark, and in a few minutes he and his companion were liberated from their bonds, and led up the hatchway.

The brig was a heavy one, and built for fast sailing. Her deck was flush fore and aft, and mounted eight good-sized guns, which worked upon well-arranged carriages, while about the masts were plenty of pikes and gaffs. There were some thirty men lounging about, all stout, reckless looking fellows, most of whom were rigged in man-of-war costume. As Julian cast his eyes aft, he saw Dixon Grunker standing by the wheel. His huge form had dwindled away marvelously, and he now stood tall and gaunt, like a giant specter. His massive frame seemed strong enough still, but his face was pale and sunken, and his small black eyes gleamed like coals of living fire. In fact, but for those eyes one might have supposed him a visitor from some old tomb, so ghostly and cadaverous did he appear.

As the two prisoners were brought before him he gazed sternly upon them, and finally fixed his fiery eyes upon the youth.

"Julian Glendower," he said, in a hollow, sepulchral tone, "you are probably aware that you are now in my power."

"That is my impression," returned our hero, gazing the pirate chief steadily in the eye.

"Then your impression is singularly correct. Cast your eyes about you, and tell me what you see."

"I see a pirate vessel, with her captain and crew," said Julian.

"But tell me what you see beyond," added the chieftain.

"The heavens above, and the water beneath," was the reply.

"You see no land?"

"No," returned the youth, after he had cast his eyes over the horizon.

"You can see nothing of the coast of Old England?"

"Nothing," said our hero, wondering what these strange questions meant.

"Then you may consider that you have taken your last farewell of the land, for you will never see it again!"

For the first time Julian's firmness forsook him. His worst fears were realized, and he had no doubt that he was to be murdered. He could have stood up against a dozen of them—aye, against the host of them—with a trusty weapon and a clear field, and felt no emotion of terror; but there was something dreadful in the thought of being coolly butchered like a dog.

"Captain Grunker," he said, in an earnest tone, but without any cringing, "do you mean that I am to be killed?"

"You guess about as near the mark as possible," replied the commander, with a significant tightening of the lips.

"No, sir," added our hero, "I will not believe you. I am a sailor. All my life has been spent in the service of my country. I have stood upon the deck when blood ran like water—I have seen men fall around me like leaves from the forest trees when struck by the wintry blast—and I have covered my wounded countrymen with my own body—but I never yet saw a British sailor stricken down by one of his own nation. You will not do it."

"How was it in the forest?" said Grunker, with a savage look, at the same time placing his hand upon his bosom, where a wound yet pained and fretted him. "Who struck the sharp steel here?"

"But that was in a fair combat," cried the youth. "I did not seek it—I was driven to it. I should have been unworthy the name of Englishman had I passed by and left a helpless female in the hands of ruffians. Every man who undertakes such a work as that in which you were then engaged, must count the cost ere he enters upon it. You ran the risk, and lost."

"But only for the time," returned the pirate, with a meaning inclination of the head and closing of the teeth. "It was you who ran the greater risk—and you have lost. So here let it end. To make short work of it—you must die!"

Julian started back, and clasped his hands.

"Die!" he uttered. "And for what?"

"Because it is my will," was the answer. "You seem to think it a hard fate; but how many of my men have fallen beneath the hands of you two?"

"And d'ye mean to shuffle me off, too?" asked Mark.

"Yes—the pair of you."

"No, no," exclaimed Julian, with more energy than he had before exhibited, "you will not kill this old man! What he has done he has done for me. If I must suffer, so let it be; but, in mercy's name, spare him!"

At this moment the pirate chieftain made a slight motion with his hand, and both the prisoners were seized from behind, and their arms pinioned, before they could think of resistance.

"We'll make quick work of this," said Grunker, after his silent order had been obeyed. "As you've got to die, the quicker you go the better."

"But," urged Julian, now forced to a supplicating mood, for he had been thinking of his mother, and of a gentle being who had but just learned to love him, "you will not—you cannot do this thing. Oh! do not cut me down thus in the very opening hour of my manhood!"

"Silence!" thundered the pirate chieftain. "I want no more of your urging. All the powers of Heaven cannot save you. Boatswain, prepare the plank!"

Julian Glendower resolved that he would beg no more. He felt that he might as well plead with a starving brute as with the vengeful wretch before him, and again, he would not be quite a coward in the eyes of the pirate crew. For years his life had been held at his sword's point, and as he thought how many times he had been spared where brave comrades had fallen, he felt that he could have afforded to die, if it could only have been in battle.

In obedience to the captain's command, a long plank was run out over the lee gangway, with just enough left inboard to cause the end to rest upon the deck. When this was done, the two prisoners were led to the spot, Grunker following close behind them.

"Julian Glendower," spoke the chief, in a cold, deathly tone, "you are the youngest, and shall go first. I might have run ye up to the yard-arm; but I won't hang an Englishman. I might have shot ye, but I don't want your blood upon my deck. So I'll let ye walk the plank. The sea will soon swallow you, and you'll be in pain no more. There's the plank. Now walk!"

"Is there no hope?" whispered the unhappy youth.

"Only in death!" replied the pirate chief, drawing a pistol from his belt and cocking it. "will you walk into the Ocean, or must a bullet send you there."

With a quick start Julian placed his feet upon the plank. Mark Warrenton would have thrown himself forward, pinioned as he was, but stout men caught him and held him back.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE WISDOM OF LAUGHTER.

"Let those laugh now, who never laughed before,
And those who always laughed, now laugh the more."

It was probably some meditation upon the weakness, vanity, and inconsistency, the gigantic projects and pigmy powers of man, that kept Democritus in continual laughter, and enabled him to convert both kings and peasants into materials of risibility. Being once at the court of Darius, when that monarch lost his favorite wife, he promised to restore her to life, provided they would give him the names of three men who had never known adversity, that he might inscribe them upon her tombstone; and upon the prince acknowledging the impossibility of complying with his request, he asked him, with his usual laugh, why he should expect to escape affliction, when not one, among so many millions, was exempt from calamity? Here was philosophy as well as laughter; and indeed I doubt whether there be any wisdom more profound than that which developes itself by our risible faculties. This convulsion, as well as reason, is peculiar to man, and one may, therefore, fairly assume that they illustrate and sympathize with one another. "Laugh and grow fat" may be a questionable maxim, but "laugh and grow old" is an indisputable one; for so long as we can laugh at all, we shall never die unless it be of laughing. As to performing this operation in one's sleeve, it is a base compromise; no more comparable to the original than is a teeth-displaying simper to that hilarious roar which shakes the wrinkles out of the heart, and frightens old Time from advancing towards us. Fortune, love, and justice, are all painted blind: they can see neither our smiles nor frowns. Fate is deaf to the most pathetic sorrows: we cannot mend our destined road of life with a pavior's sigh, nor drown care in tears. Let us then leave growling to wild beasts, and croaking to the ravens, indulging freely in the rationality of laughter: which, in the first place, is reducible to writing—Ha! Ha! Ha! and should always be printed with three capital letters, and a prop of admiration between each to prevent its bursting its sides. And secondly, its delicious alchymy not only converts a tear into the quintessence of merriment, and makes wrinkles themselves expressive of youth and frolic, but lights up the dullest eye with a twinkle, and throws a flash of sunshine over the cloudiest visage, while it irradiates and embellishes the most beautiful. Including thiue, reader, in the latter class, we counsel thee to give the experiment a frequent trial.

☞ SAID a young man indignantly, when addressed as a boy: "Don't call me a boy; I've chewed tobacco and drunk whiskey these three years!"

It is a notorious fact that we have no boys in this country—as soon as they pass infanthood and enter on their *teens* they are all *young men*, nothing of the *boy* being about them. But what is worse still, not a few of them endeavor to demonstrate to all the world and "the rest of mankind" that they *are* young men by chewing tobacco, puffing cigars, indulging in profanity, or some other vice. It strikes us that for such characters the term *young scamps* would be more appropriate than young men.

RESPECT DUE TO WIVES.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word that you utter. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third party; the sense of your disregard of her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her faults.

SHUN HIM.

Converse not with a liar or a swearer, or a man of obscene or wanton language; for either he will corrupt you, or at least it will hazard your reputation to be one of the like making; and if it doth neither, yet it will fill your memory with such discourses that will be troublesome to you in after time; and the returns of the remembrance of the passages which you have long since heard of this nature, will haunt you when your thoughts should be better employed.

MAN'S HEART.—A man's heart is as sensitive as that of a woman—perhaps more so, because it is not so quickly beating or elastic, and its emotions should be treated with due respect. Young ladies should not tamper with it. any more than men with theirs.

QUEEN ROSE OF AYRE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

"Queen Rose of Love, 'tis the twilight hour,
The purples fade in the mournful west—
Oh hasten, sweet, to our trysting bower,
Where the lilies float on the blue lake's breast—
The silver swan her pale wing laves
In the shining spray on that starry shore,
A tone of love hath the dreaming waves,
Rose-bud of beauty! the day is o'er!"
A poet sang to his sweet guitar,
While the young May moon lit the towers of Ayre.

In the halls of Ayre there's a gay feast spread,
The rose-wreathed beaker and lute are there;
And a thousand fragrant lights are shed
O'er the belted knight and ladye fair.
But one dark face groweth darker still,
And a hand rests light on a jeweled sword,
'Tis the bridal-eve of Paul Deville,
The bravest knight, the haughtiest lord!
Oh, chafe and wonder, proud guests of Ayre
There's a poet playeth a sweet guitar!

Like a moonbeam down the turret-stair
She glides, the lady of all the land?
A crimson rose in her rich black hair,
One burning gem on her small white hand—
And the silken fall of her sandaled feet,
As she treadeth soft as a wind in May
Makes low reply to her lover's sweet—
"Rose-bud of beauty, come away!"
Loud raved Deville, as the night wore on—
But she from the castle forever hath gone!

MORGIANA.

AN EPISODE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

When I first met Morgiana Lewis she had long passed the period of youth. I had heard of her, for I had for many months resided in the same village, though I was not aware that I had ever seen her.

Her father was an aged man, of immense wealth, and she, the eldest of his family, alone remained with him. She was represented to me as a woman already past the middle period of life, but still youthful in appearance and fascinating in manners. I should scarcely have troubled myself by making the inquiries that elicited this information, for I was conscious of no personal attraction toward the Lewises, but for the fact that my mission in B. was to procure pupils in music, and I naturally sought to ascertain who, among the wealthy, were likely to become my patrons.

Miss Lewis, I was told, had, some years previously to my arrival at B., adopted a young girl as her daughter, and had often been heard to lament the fact that the place, to which she was confined by attendance upon her aged father, furnished so few facilities for the education of her charge. I determined to offer my services as instructor of the young girl.

Not many days elapsed before I gained an introduction to Mr. Lewis. I found him a tall, stately old man with silvered hair, and an aspect of great benignity. The flattering mention of the friend who introduced us, caused him to regard me favorably, and the interview ended by an invitation to call at his house that evening.

I went and found Miss Lewis alone, ready to receive me. Her father was not well, she said, and, in accordance with the indulgence made necessary by his advanced age, had already retired to his room. I found that he had told his daughter all he knew of me, and an hour passed most agreeably in varied reminiscences of the foreign lands we both had visited, Miss Lewis in her youth, I but recently, when I went to perfect myself in the science I loved, and from which, having spent all my patrimony in attaining a knowledge of it, I was now to gain my support.

The little girl, my future pupil, was then introduced, and after trying the superb instruments that graced Miss Lewis's drawing-room, I took my leave. That night I thought much of Miss Lewis. In fact, certain movements of her still graceful figure, and the round arm, and beautifully shaped hand; certain tones of her peculiarly melodious voice; certain expressions of her fine, dark eyes, haunted me all the hours that should have been given to sleep. The woman was an enigma to me, and one which I felt irresistibly impelled to read. She drew me towards her by a strange fascination which I could not comprehend. At length, just as the morning dawned, I turned for the hundredth time upon my restless pillow and resolutely closed my eyes with a determination to sleep, murmuring—

"Strange that this woman of fifty, though endowed with the fascinations of Ninon herself, should so attract me! Pshaw! she might be mother to one of my thirty years, and it can't be the incipient stages of the grand passion that I feel!"

The lessons to my pupil commenced next day. Miss Lewis sat beside the window, engaged in some pretty sewing, while the lesson proceeded; and I, from time to time, glanced at her as she bent over her work. Her head was a noble one, and there was something in her attitude, so full of a certain dignified grace, that in another of her age would have impressed me as the result of artificial training; but in her seemed the outward expression of her spiritual condition. Her hair was very dark, and still shining and ample, though here and there a single thread of white showed itself glitteringly among the satin-y bands. Her brow was unfurrowed by wrinkles, though there was a slight contraction, at times, that seemed to have been a trick learned long since from some sad habit of thought, or some deep sorrow. Her hands and arms I have before mentioned. The loose sleeves of her morning wrapper fell back from them now, and revealed their statuesque beauty. Time had not marred their perfection, nor robbed them of the roundness and the soft tints of early youth. To me, spite of her fifty years, Morgiana Lewis was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

The lesson ended, Miss Lewis begged me, if my time would permit, to play for her; and as I saw that her request was no idle compliment, but that she really desired what she asked, I willingly complied. I had plenty of leisure, for as yet I had not secured many pupils; and, for an hour, I sat playing, making the divine harmonies of the great masters of song, and flooding the lofty rooms with waves of music.

Miss Lewis listened, and I saw by her changing countenance as, from time to time, I glanced at it, that she felt that she truly appreciated music. It gave me pleasure to play for her, and I continued, perhaps longer than I ought, because of that pleasure. It was one I had rarely enjoyed since my return to America, where, out of the great cities, there is little appreciation of music.

At length I rose, and then I asked her if she would oblige me by playing. She assented frankly, saying that she never refused to play, but that I, with my cultivation and later knowledge of music, would find little to approve in the old-fashioned performance of an old woman. The reply embarrassed me, for I could not quite reconcile myself to the idea that she was old; but before I could find words for a suitable answer she touched the keys of the pianoforte, and commenced an ancient but brilliant sonata. Her touch was formal and somewhat feeble. She was a timid performer, but through all I saw her genuine love of music, and resolved, if possible, to inspire her with all my own enthusiasm for the divinest of arts, and, if she would permit me, with some of my knowledge.

Thenceforward almost every day found me at the Lewis mansion. My little pupil progressed well, and Mr. and Miss Lewis extended to me the hospitable kindness which made me feel not only as if I was regarded as upon an equal footing, but as a cherished guest.

What followed in the two or three years of my stay at B., I have faithfully chronicled in my journal, my only friend and unrevealing confidant during that season of mingled sorrow, and joy, and doubt, and hope.

July 18.—I dined to-day at the Lewis's. I had been annoyed and tormented the whole morning by being forced to listen to the performances of the Misses Ainslie upon the pianoforte and harp. They have just returned from some famous finishing school in New York, and fancy that their proficiency in music is something wonderful, because they can thunder upon the keys, and scream a high soprano. It was refreshing for me to go thence to Miss Lewis. I found her in the drawing-room, seated at the pianoforte. She was playing softly, and singing, half murmuringly, the plaintive words of a simple old ballad. Music and words, I saw, were but a fitting accompaniment for her thoughts; for when she raised her face to greet me, there were traces of tears upon it, and the contraction of her brow was deeper and more marked than ever I had seen it before.

"This is an anniversary—a sad one," she said, simply, by way of explanation, and then she rose up and resigned to me her seat.

I sat down and played some of those quiet soothing airs that seem, even better than words of human sympathy, to bring comfort to the afflicted. Miss Lewis's dark eyes shone with tears as I glanced at her, but the hard lines, worn, I am sure, now, by some great grief, were smoothed away from her brow. She thanked me when I arose, as the servant announced dinner, and I knew that the words were meant to express more than the usual compliment. At table she was almost as cheerful as usual. After dinner she accompanied her father to his apartment to read to him an hour, as is her custom, and I was left alone with my little pupil.

"My mamma is very sad to-day," the little one said; "I saw her weep this morning, and I could not comfort her. Dear Mr. Bernard, will you try to make her happy again?"

Dear child, she believes in me implicitly, and fancies that I can accomplish any task, however difficult! And God knows that to make Morgiana Lewis happy I would do much, how much I do not know, and hardly dare to think.

I hoped she would tell me something of her sorrow when she returned, and Electa had disappeared for the night. But she did not, but sat talking the whole evening, or listening to me, with a forced composure that was very painful to me. My spirits became so depressed that I felt that politeness compelled me to take leave at an early hour. She did not ask me to remain longer, as she sometimes does, but when she gave me her hand at parting, there was a clinging pressure of her fingers, and a glance from her eyes, that told me my silent and respectful sympathy had been observed and appreciated.

Can it be that this woman has not outlived the affections of youth, any more than its grace and beauty?

August 14*th.*—Every day I am more and more puzzled in trying to discover what is the attraction which leads me constantly to the side of Morgiana Lewis, and what is the nature of the feelings with which I regard her. Neither her conversation, so vigorous and sparkling, her musical powers, so excellent and rapidly developing, the mature yet undecayed beauty of form and feature, nor the indescribable fascination of her manners, accounts for the first; while my feelings, full of the most respectful reverence, lack that element which age usually calls forth, and lack as well the fiery ardor of devotion which I feel myself capable of bestowing upon some rare and splendid beauty, still youthful and inexperienced in the world's requirements.

But that I love Morgiana Lewis I am very sure, and—but I dare not trace even here the thoughts which my vanity has faintly whispered in my ear.

August 20*th.*—Electa has been very ill, and I have not been at the house for several days, except to make the customary inquiries. I have not seen Miss Lewis, but I hold in my hand a little note from her, saying that Electa desired much to see me, and begging me to come this evening.

Later.—I have been to see Electa. The servant who opened the door ushered me up stairs at once, and Miss Lewis met me upon the landing. She was looking pale and worn, but had lost neither grace nor beauty. She welcomed me warmly, and thanked me for coming, and then took me at once to the room where the little girl lay. Electa has grown very fond of me, and she was very happy to see me. It made me, a lonely man, separated by death and distance from all the friends and affections of my youth, thrill with a strange joy to feel those little arms about my neck, and those feeble kisses upon my cheek. But presently Miss Lewis came and laid Electa down, and telling her that the physician had forbidden all excitement, and reminding her of her promise to submit quietly to all that was thought best for her, she led me away. I am not ashamed to write here that there were tears upon my brown, bearded cheek, for it is an affecting gratitude one feels at being loved so unexpectedly and frankly.

There were answering tears in the eyes of Miss Lewis, also, as she drew me away. We went down to the parlor together. Our softened feelings and mutual anxiety seemed to arouse a new interest in each other. We became, for the first time, confidential. Insensibly our conversation tended toward personal matters, and I found myself relating the history of my life, with its bereavements, and struggles, and joys and triumphs. I told all. I revealed my innermost life—my strength and my weakness, my temptations and my resistances, my strifes and my successes. And when I had finished, and, surprised at the unwonted egotism that I had displayed, besought Miss Lewis to forgive what seemed, then, a strange impertinence, she proved to me the kindly interest and intense sympathy with which she had listened, by confiding to me in turn.

I have thought that the lives of women for whom wealth purchased ease and luxury, were devoid of harrowing cares and anxieties. I knew that sorrows came to such in the shape of bereavements and of sickness. But I have thought that even for these afflictions, wealth could unfailingly purchase a remedy. But here is a woman to whom life opened with the smiles of fortune and the blandishments of luxury, but who, for more than thirty years—for more than the years of all my life—has borne a weight of secret sorrow sufficient to crush the strongest man, has unweariedly performed all her duties, and cheerfully endured her loneliness, preserving, even yet, much of the freshness of feeling, and many of the charms of early youth.

How black has been the shadow that has darkened her life-path all these years none can know. She says it was as if a pall enshrouded her whole being when the man she loved in her bright youth proved faithless. In that love was garnered all the joy and brightness of her life. It was long ere she recovered her wonted cheerfulness, even to outward appearance—long ere she learned to smile calmly when she met him with his young bride hanging fondly on his arm. Yet she conquered her almost unavoidable repugnance toward the woman who occupied the place that should have been her own—became her friend, and, at length, when sorrow overtook her, a true comforter and support.

The husband died first, and when the wife followed him, to Morgiana Lewis she committed her sole remaining child, the last of seven little ones, who had bloomed only to wither by her fireside. Electa is this child, and I can now understand the unusual tenderness with which Miss Lewis regards her.

September 7th.—Every day the society of Morgiana Lewis becomes more necessary to my happiness. Indeed, I can be said to be happy only when in her presence. Those long, delicious mornings when, Electa's lesson over, the child is dismissed to her sports, and this lovely and beloved woman sits beside me, and we talk as only friends whose lives are patent to each other—whose tastes, feelings, emotions harmonize perfectly—can talk, I learning much from the stores of her experience, she gathering new freshness from my enthusiasm, and both believing, even if we do not acknowledge it, that the best boon of existence has suddenly been granted to us—how can I describe them? I tremble sometimes lest this rich joy, this perfect content, should not last. To-night, even, when I have just parted from Miss Lewis, after a most delightful evening, a vague sadness, more like a premonition of some coming sorrow than any present trouble, disturbs and renders unquiet my whole being. If I were superstitious I should fear some coming evil.

September 8th.—It has come. To-day, for the first time, I learned that gossip had associated my name and that of Miss Lewis in a way that no honorable man could endure. It is said that I am seeking her for her wealth—that for her gold I am willing to barter my youth, and that she—the strong, pure, noble woman—has been weak enough to be won by a wheedling adventurer. I must at once withdraw from this intimacy which has become so precious. I can endure no imputation upon my honor; neither am I willing that one I so revere and love—yes, I *do love* Morgiana Lewis—should be made a mark for the contempt and pity of village gossips, because of her friendship for one so unworthy of the great happiness it bestows. Could I find a pretext my lessons to Electa should cease from that day. But I can at least make my visits to the Lewis mansion only those of business.

September 28th.—I have carried out my resolve. I leave the house the moment my little pupil is dismissed. I have made no explanation, for I could make none, and I can often catch Miss Lewis's eyes fixed wonderingly and inquiringly upon me. She is evidently pained and surprised, though she forbears questions. Her father is not so easily eluded. When I decline his hospitable entreaties, he does not hesitate to ask the reason. I have strained my conscience in inventing excuses, for which I almost hate myself. In the meantime there are no more long, happy evenings, no morning practisings, no walks in the beautiful, bowery garden, none of those precious soul-confidences. That beautiful episode is ended, and life seems very barren to my gaze.

November 1*st.*—I have lost all interest in my avocations, and move mechanically in my daily rounds. I seldom see Miss Lewis now. Electa is sent alone to her lessons. She says her "mamma," as she calls Miss Lewis, is very busy, and wonders why she does not lay aside her work, as she used to do, to sit with us. I know that she is pained by my coldness and avoidance. She could do no otherwise than withdraw herself from me as she has done. I only hope she does not feel this sudden wrenching apart of our lives as I do. And yet I fear she is not happy. I saw her to-day, as I left the house, gazing fixedly from the window of her chamber by which she stood. She was very pale, but when she saw me the blood flushed over her white cheek and brow, and she turned away. I saw the sudden flush, even at that distance, and it almost made me happy. One does not wish to be forgotten, and at that moment I almost dared to believe, to hope—— But, no, I will not trace, even upon the silent pages of my journal, my presumptuous thought.

November 2*d.*—I heard to-day that Miss Lewis is ill—dangerously ill, Dr. H. says. I have spent several hours pacing the silent street beneath the window, where a dim light, and shadowy, moving forms told the tale of suffering within. It is very late now, and I have come home racked by remorse and anxiety. Can it be that *I* have caused her to suffer?

November 10*th.*—Mr. Lewis sent for me this morning. I went very sadly, for I dreaded I knew not what. I have not crossed that threshold for ten days, and the silence struck me painfully as I stepped through the dim hall into the deserted drawing-room. All seemed changed in the familiar rooms. It was as if inanimate objects shared the sorrow of those who watched anxiously the feeble spark of life in her who lay above. The blinds were closed, the piano shut, and its dark case returned no gleams of light in that shadowy room. The harp was shrouded in its covering, and so was all the furniture. A sort of chill sensation oppressed me as I waited in that altered, silent room for Mr. Lewis.

I dreaded to meet him there, where I had been so happy with Miss Lewis, and was glad when the servant returned to say that her master would like to see me in the library. I went thither, wondering for what he wished to see me, and oh! how strangely was I enlightened.

"She loves me, she loves me! I have been repeating the words all day, words that make music in my soul, and yet I know not that I am fully satisfied. I am glad, grateful; I love her very dearly, but I do not feel as I once fancied I should if ever I were so fortunate as to be the accepted lover of the woman whom my heart truly chose. But I am happy. I have never known sweeter hours than those in which I pillowed that dear head upon my breast, and saw the faint smiles and the soft, beautiful blushes, that so eloquently told her love, steal over her face.

Mr. Lewis was stern and a little severe. He evidently looked upon me as an adventurer, who had stolen his daughter's affections. But when he saw how truly surprised I was, he relaxed a little the sternness of his mood, and I saw something of the struggle through which this proud man had passed ere he sought his daughter's life at my hands. She had confessed to him that she loved me, and he, believing that only a knowledge that her love was not despised, could restore her to life, at length resolved to send for and confide all to me. How glad I was to make them both happy!

January 1*st.*—18.—A new year commenced with new vows! We were married this morning, and in an hour we start for the Southern city where we are to sojourn until the mild spring weather makes it safe for the beloved invalid to return. Morgiana is better, nearly well in truth, but not strong. Her physician orders her to the South, and who so fitting an attendant as I.

I am happy. I will be happy. I love Morgiana; and she looked very beautiful and almost young, this morning, in her plain but rich bridal robes. And yet a doubt will arise, and I question myself in vain for its solution. I had thought to feel more assured of my happiness on my wedding-day. Henceforth she is to be my sole confidant, the sharer of every thought. With this page closes my confidences with my journal—and so farewell.

Two years from the day that saw Morgiana my bride I stood beside her grave. They had not been unhappy years, though I believe both felt that there was always something wanting of the full measure of our wedded joys. A man's ideal of a wife is a being whom he must protect, whose weakness he must supply with strength, whose shrinking timidity he must cover by the brave front he opposes to the world. He does not like to look up to his wife as, in anything, his superior; and I often found myself wishing that Morgiana had less experience, that, beautiful as she was, she could cast off sometimes the dignified self-reliance, the graceful composure of mien, that placed her ever so far above me. It was painful, too, to see the efforts by which she strove to hide all marks of age, and to place herself upon the same level with myself. It might be that she detected the feelings which I scarce acknowledged to my own heart. At any rate, happy as we were in each other, little as we desired other society, I am sure that both felt that we had mistaken our own hearts and their necessities.

But she has gone from me now, gone, happy in the knowledge that I loved her until the last; if not to the full measure of her desires, with a tender and watchful affection that went with her to the very grave. She has left to my care Electa, our child as we have loved to call her, and thus I am not quite alone. But the child is now all that remains to remind me of the brief episode in my existence which I have here chronicled. I have refused the old man's wealth, to which I had no claim, and have gone back to my old life, and to my beloved music.

Outwardly there is no change in me. I have not grown older in appearance. My thirty years sit lightly upon me, and yet, upon the white tablet that to-day was raised above the grave of her who was my wife, I read that she was fifty-two. I remember how beautiful and how strong she was until that long illness came, and I wonder if I, too, shall bear as she did, the weary burden of my cares, and griefs, and disappointments through so many lengthened years.

Already it is whispered that I have profited by her wealth, and I cannot but note the attentions bestowed upon me by manœuvering mammas. There are many snug *tete-a-tetes* contrived for me with unquestionably pretty girls, but I am proof against their charms with the precious memory of her who was my wife for my shield.

Perhaps I may yet marry. Morgiana gave to me Electa, and she now stands upon the threshold of a lovely womanhood. To make her my bride some future day, if she can ever forget my fatherly relation, begins to be a dim dream of my waking hours. After all, there is less disparity between us than there was between Morgiana and myself, and the advantage is all on my own side. We shall see, when three or four years have rolled away. It is not long to wait for a life's happiness!

And yet, I know not what shall be considered wisest and best. In my life I will not marry again upon no better basis than gratitude and friendship, though I give Electa to another, and walk lonely all my days. Meanwhile, I can only ponder and wait, while she grows beside me more beautiful and winning day by day.

WORK QUICK.

I am an amateur carpenter in an humble way, and, of course, sometimes do my own painting. Once, having put together a table, I sent for a pot of paint, and was beginning to lay it on, when the painter's boy, who had brought it, and stayed from a (perhaps half mischievous) desire to witness my performance, exclaimed—"Work quick! Work quick! that's the rule. It lays on the paint better, besides saving time."

That boy's counsel has remained with me ever since, and has been put to many applications; for what is a good rule in one thing, is generally a good rule in another. There are, indeed, some operations, both of the hand and mind, which require long elaboration and exquisite finish. But *Work quick! Work quick!* is a rule which has as few exceptions, either in manual or mental labors, as any other.

Generally, it does the work better as well as saves time. A great Roman used to speak of a certain *felicitas imperata et injussa*, "an unlooked for and unbidden activity" of the mind when it produces with a vigor and facility which surprises itself. Every thinking and working man (whatever be the sphere and form of his labor) knows what that is. It is just as true of the hand as of the mind—just as true of the mechanic, or the artist, as of the writer. Homer says the maker of the belt of Hercules never could produce another like it. We can all do greater and better things at some times than we can at others. Mind has its vibrations, its high and low tides, its bloom and deciduousness, as well as grosser things. When we are conscious of such a mental state, then at least and especially, let us *work quick.*

But this very elasticity and vigor of mind is sometimes brought on, to some extent, by *working quick.* The mind lends itself cheerfully to carry out a prompt and earnest purpose, or to meet a pressing exigency. Have not some of the best things you have ever done been done *quick?*

Some writer has put down a calculation of the amount which would be added to conscious and useful life by rising at five in the morning instead of seven. The sum of the intervals, in a life of ordinary length, was absolutely startling. It amounted to several years. It would be quite as useful an inquiry (though not capable of arithmetical adjustment) how much time might be saved, how much achievement might be added to the sum of our life's labor, by *working quick.*

Some of the most successful laborers in every department of human activity have been remarkable for the celerity of their operations. Michael Angelo used to work with a fire and fury absolutely appalling to the beholder. It seemed as if every stroke might cut too deep, and fatally mar his work. But the quickness of his eye was equal to the energy of his hand—the precision of his chisel to the force of his hammer. Callimachus complimented Ptolemy Philadelphus that he never let the sun go down on his unaccomplished purposes. Bossuet used to dash down on paper, with the utmost rapidity that his hand could master, the thoughts and texts that occurred to him while preparing his sermons; saying that writing in full *distracted his attention.* Pascal, when one of his immortal "thoughts" came upon him, rushed to the table and secured it on the first scrap that offered, and in the very form in which it presented itself to his mind; hence many of these wonderful productions were found, after his death, written on loose and coarse bits of paper.

Go into Wall street in business hours, and you can distinguish the head of the leading banking house of New York by the *quickness of his step*, though the frosts of more than seventy winters are sprinkled on his temples. We once walked after Chief Justice Marshall along Pennsylvania Avenue, when we were some thirty years old, and he about eighty. It was no easy task to keep up with him. A Virginia gentleman, who lived near him, told us that he used to walk out from Richmond to his plantation, some three miles off, daily, to see how all was going on there; and that, on coming home again, he threw himself into a chair, and was deep in some book, before his servant had time to bring him his slippers.

Work quick! work quick! It summons up the energies, saves time, shortens toil, secures leisure for rest, thought, social enjoyment, and various culture—lengthens life by multiplying achievement.

LAW AND JUSTICE IN ASIA.

The blessings of a free State are like the properties of a pure atmosphere—they cannot be well appreciated without contrast. Put a man for an hour into a half exhausted receiver, or shut him up in a dungeon filled with noxious and filthy vapors, and he would know thereafter the luxury of breathing an air impregnated with all healthy influences, expanding his lungs, nourishing his blood, and freshening his life with every breath. So a glance into Asiatic life now and then (since most of us cannot go thither in person), would help us to realize what it is worth to be an American citizen. Facts are stronger than statements. Let us cite a few of them. Mr. Morier, a British ambassador to Persia, states that the Mehmandar (or nobleman appointed to escort him out of the kingdom) arrived one evening at a caravansera, near which was a fine field of grain not quite ripe. He ordered the horses and mules of the troop to be turned into it. The owner of it came, with tears in his eyes, and told him that the grain of that field was all that he had to support his family for the next winter. The Mehmandar *ordered him to be whipped for his insolence.* Sir John Malcolm, afterwards British ambassador to the same country, says that the Mehmandar who accompanied him, set out one day with a party, in quest of an Arab mare of surpassing beauty, which was said to be owned a few hours off. He came back at length, bringing the splendid animal with him, and related with great glee his successful adventure. "The scoundrel," said he (i. e., the owner), "came near disappointing me altogether. I asked for the mare; he said she was away. We searched for her far and near, and at last found her hid in the man's tent, under the tent furniture."

Life is just as insecure as property under the tyrannous despotisms of Asia. Sir John Malcolm states that Hajee Ibrahim, the Prime Minister and most powerful subject of Persia while he was there, was, within ten years afterwards, put to a cruel death, *with all his brothers and sons*, and all their property confiscated. Dr. Walsh, an attaché of the British embassy at Constantinople, relates that, while he was traveling in a remote province of Turkey, a *chouash* (or government express) arrived with a firman, demanding the execution of a guilty or suspected man. The matter required dispatch. A man was seized and beheaded. Scarcely was the head off, when it appeared that the wrong man had been taken, and that the beheaded man was quite innocent. "No matter," said the chouash, tossing the head into his bag; "one head is as good as another in Constantinople!" Gen. Fessler has recently returned from "caravan journies" through Central Asia. While at Candahar, as a foreigner of note with a distinguished introduction, he had a palace, with extensive and beautiful gardens, assigned him by the governor as his residence. Wandering in the gardens shortly after, "My breath," he says, "was almost taken away by a dreadfully fetid smell that proceeded from a mass of corruption alive with millions of worms and flies." "What is that?" said he to his Affghan attendant. "Some months ago," was the answer, "this house belonged to the Mirza Mohammed Wali. *The blood you see there is his.*" He had been murdered, and his body left to rot, simply because the governor, Sedih Khan, "coveted his beautiful residence." The unfortunate Wali reminds us of the fate of Naboth. Sedih Khan is a modern reproduction of Jezabel.

Here we have our crisis, crashes and convulsions. Now and then the head of a custom officer or postmaster, (metaphorically speaking,) drops into the government basket, when a more favored competitor covets his office. But we have nothing like this. Law throws its impregnable bulwarks around us. Thought, speech and action are free. "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," are guaranteed to us. Let us bear our evils as we may, and now and then take a look at life in Asia, that we may learn to be thankful for having been born to a share in the glorious patrimony of American freedom.

UGLY VS. UGLY.

In the eastern part of Delaware county, in this State, there resides a man named B——, now a justice of the peace, and a very sensible man, but by common consent the ugliest looking individual in the whole country; being long, gaunt, sallow, and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day, he was hunting, and on one of the mountain roads he met a man on foot and alone, who was longer, gaunter, uglier, by all odds, than himself. He could give the "Squire" fifty, and beat him. Without saying a word, B—— raised his gun and deliberately leveled it at the stranger. "For God's sake don't shoot!" shouted the man, in great alarm. "Stranger," replied B——, "I swore ten years ago, that if ever I met a man uglier than I was, I'd shoot him; and you are the first one I've seen." The stranger, after taking a careful survey of his "rival," replied: "Wal, captain, if I look worse than you do, shute! I don't want to live any longer!"

So it is.—It is very often the case that a beautiful woman is by her beauty alone made the ugliest of her species—because the charms which should woo the angels modesty and good-humor, sometimes become the boon companions of coquetry, affectation and folly.

Getting Married.—A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgetfulness, "and yet I don't know why I should be, he never did me any harm."

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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OUR REPUBLIC.

It is barely more than three-quarters of a century since this fair and flourishing Republic was a colony of England, scarcely commanding the means of existence without the aid of the mother-country, which was itself oppressed by European wars. The Puritans of England began, in the rough fields of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, the work which has since extended from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. These resolute conquerors of the wilds of the New World occupied, in the first period of their social existence, the depressed condition of a European colony, but the spirit of Liberty which led them to these regions, and the gifts of a magnificent and fertile nature, sufficed to prepare them for their high destiny.

The rude apprenticeship lasted more than one hundred and fifty years, before the hour of change struck, and on the nineteenth of April, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, the thunders of Lexington called a new-born nation to regenerate the world. The people rose as one man, and, turning the ploughshare that tilled the soil into a sword to defend it, they threw themselves upon their oppressors, and at Philadelphia proclaimed the immortal principles of self-government that made tyrants tremble, and every generous heart palpitate with joyful hope. *At that moment a new name was inscribed* on the roll of great nations. If not in national importance, it was great by the moral influence it immediately exercised on the world.

England, overwhelmed by a debt of one hundred and twenty-eight and a half millions sterling, chargeable with an annual interest of four millions and a half, wished to transfer a portion of the burthen to her colonies, and attempted to infringe their rights by the imposition of the celebrated Stamp tax. The colonies admitted the justice of all the members of the confederation contributing, according to their ability, to the support of the common government, since the prosperity of each depended on the security and well-being of all, but declared they could not, and ought not to, share in the expenses of wars with which they had nothing to do, and a luxurious court, which was equally repugnant to their repose and their simplicity. At first England affected to acknowledge the right of the colonies to refuse to pay for faults they had no share in committing; but after the lapse of a few years, she renewed her attack under a different form. With equal firmness America repelled the second attempt to violate her liberties, and England, offended at this unexampled audacity, closed the port of Boston, and kindled the flames of a war which doubled her tremendous debt, and lost her an empire in the New World.

Then appeared the meteor host who illumined the path of our Revolution, and who now watch, in their high sphere, over our safety and glory. They broke the fetters of the Thirteen Colonies, and offered to the astonished world the most sublime spectacle of ancient and modern times—the fusion of many races, tongues and sects, in the one political religion of Liberty. The Declaration of Independence found thirteen States and three millions of people; now there are thirty-three States and over thirty millions of souls. The area is geographically quadrupled, and the population increased tenfold. The whole exterior commerce of the Republic in 1780 amounted to about eight and a half millions annually, now our annual exports reach nearly three hundred millions; while our internal commerce exceeds six hundred millions. Then a few ill-constructed roads, and the water courses nature had bestowed, were our only means of inter-communication, now more than twenty thousand miles of railway, and numerous canals interlace in continuous lines of navigation thirty thousand miles of lake and river, rendering the most northern corner of Maine nearer in time to Florida and Mexico than was Boston to New York in the early days.

Steam and lightning have so annihilated distance, that extent of territory has ceased to frighten the most timid statesmen; yet, science, art, and enterprise have not alone wrought this change. Liberty and the expansive genius of self-government have made us united and powerful, and these, combined with the material resources of the New World, may, if this glorious Union be not sundered by selfishness, domestic discord, and internal violence, inaugurate on earth a paradise more gorgeous than the Judean Eden. Broad, and grand, and mighty as it is, our Republic is but just entered on its course—just flaming the splendor of its orb on the oppressed nations—yet there are men among us traitorous enough to freedom, and mad enough, in the face of the sublimest Providence, to propose cutting the Republic adrift from its sole safe anchorage, the Union, and letting it drive to wreck on the rocks of sectional hate and demagogic ambition. May God wither the tongue and hand that essay so foul a consummation!

WHAT CHANGES! WHAT WONDERS!

It is a startling and suggestive thought that in the course of time every spot on the earth must be sanctified or cursed by good and bad deeds. Think of it! That rock on which you gaze in admiration of its vast proportions and grotesque form, may have been the altar of sacrifice where, thousands of years ago, the blood of human victims was poured out to a fabled deity. This flowery nook in the deep forest may have witnessed the vows of lovers, whose dust may now be a part of yonder gigantic oak. You cast your eyes over the beautiful prairie that stretches on and on over the far, dim leagues, till "vision shudders o'er immensity:" how quiet, how peaceful, how soothing the scene! And yet, on that very expanse of emerald grass and gorgeous flowers, armies may have met in the shock of battle, banners may have been torn into shreds, and empires overthrown or erected. Even if you gain sight of a country which is unknown to geography—a country of solitude, where you find neither trace of a deserted homestead, nor a single grave—even there do not say, "I am the first human being whose foot has trod this sward—mine is the first human eye that has gazed on yonder majestic mountain—mine are the first human ears that have listened to the deep, solemn music of the wind amid the harp-like branches of yonder mighty forest." Why, thousands of years ago, millions may have here lived and died, and the waves of time have washed away all memorials of their existence. What guarantee have we that in the long sweep of the coming cycles, our own monuments of civilization will not crumble into nothingness—our very names be lost? A century is our longest individual span—a few centuries, so far, the longest period of any nation's career; but the lifetime of God is eternity, and in that existence what changes! what wonders!

A DIVINE ART.

The "divine arts," as usually classed, do not include the art to which we are about to call attention—the *art of persuasion*—but, nevertheless, we think it as much entitled to the appellation as music, or poetry. Indeed, the ancient Romans, from whom have come our idea of the divine in art as now do our models of artistic skill from their descendants, virtually so stamped it. Hence we find, among the goddesses of their pagan array, one whose great attribute was persuasion. They called her Pitho. She was represented as having a *caduceum*, or white wand, at her feet, as an emblem of her beneficent office.

Could anything be more beautiful, as an ideal, than this? We think not. But the *actualization* was left for Christianity to afford. This it did, in all its divine fullness, through the beautifully persuasive life of him who went about doing good himself, and teaching others to do likewise!

The poet Otway, addressing himself to one who fulfilled his ideal in this respect, exclaims—

"Thou has all the arts of fine persuasion."

Here we see a justification of our classification of persuasion among the artistic agents. If further proof of its divinity were wanting, we might cite numerous passages of Holy Writ, amongst which is the exclamation of the proud Agrippa, in his response to the wonderfully persuasive eloquence of St. Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!" But enough.

Let all to whom the LEDGER comes greeting with this article, learn the divine art we are commending, if they have not already acquired the practice of it. It will greatly add to the happiness as well as the usefulness of their lives.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

We have lately become aware that some few retired men of business (with a considerable quantity of the needful saved) in our city, are organizing an aristocracy, with insignia, emblems, palatial ceremonies, and titles—for the present to remain private, but at some future day, when democracy fails, which they hope and are certain that it will, to corruscate in be-ribboned, be-starred, and be-coronated glory, that will rival the ancient tomfooleries of St. Cloud or Windsor. We wish them joy of their sane and lofty enterprise—we sympathize with their ambition, and, hearing that the great difficulty in organizing the new Order is a proper selection of titles, we will prove our appreciation by assisting in this respect the embryo magnates. Well, let the retired boat-builder flourish in the euphonious title of the "Duke of Dug Out;" the "Sub tegmine fagi" soap manufacturer may strut as "Prince Fatmore;" the disenthralled pork dealer can come the solid as "Baron Bacon;" the unthreaded bootmaker may be announced in the aristocratic re-unions as "Marquis Tightsoul," while we shall behold, with unspeakable awe and intense reverence, the ex-manipulator of chandlery as the "Lord de Greece." By all means let the aristocracy be properly titled, because their exquisite refinement, their prodigal generosity, their remarkable learning, and their burning admiration for Washington and excruciating love of country, must deeply *affect* future generations, and make America the pole star of the Highfaluten, and the cynosure of Universal Snobdom.

RARE DISINTERESTEDNESS.

The late occasion of the removal of the remains of Ex-President Monroe to Virginia, from their unpretending resting-place in this city, brought out statements touching his character which are worthy of special attention. To the young, particularly, would we commend them for imitation.

One of the note-worthy facts referred to was, that Mr. Monroe, after serving in the army under Washington, which he entered as an humble, untitled cadet, where he gained the rank of colonel, and in all the more prominent stations in the gift of Virginia and the United States, with all the opportunities similar places would, now-a-days, afford for self-enrichment by foul, if not by fair means, was so poor, when his second Presidential term expired, that *he actually removed his family to their home on privately borrowed funds!* Was this not, indeed, an example of Roman virtue?—aye, and of *Revolutionary* virtue, too—for Rome, in her palmiest days, presented nothing superior to this and other instances which were furnished by men of the Washingtonian era.

But, again, when a Presidential successor offered Mr. Monroe the command of the army, wherein he might have readily retrieved his pecuniary fortunes, he declined the position, and accepted, in its stead, the very humble position of a justice of the peace for his own county, an office in which he served, without pay, till his death!

On our third page, this week, will be found two excellent little essays, entitled, respectively, "Work Quick," and "Law and Justice in Asia," written for the LEDGER by Rev. Dr. Proudfit, Professor of Greek Language and Literature in Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J. Our readers, especially the younger portion, cannot fail to learn a good lesson from the perusal of each of these articles.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A TRUE STORY FOR CHILDREN.

JEMMY LAWTON.

School was out! "Hurra!" screamed all the boys, and up went their caps in the air, as they all commenced trying the strength of their limbs and trowsers, some by climbing up trees, some over fences, some by leap-frog, some by bat and ball; and thus they all separated, and went their different ways home, and Jemmy Lawton went his, too. It was not with so light a step as his schoolfellows; and when the last boy was out of sight, he drew a deep sigh, and crowding his cap down over his eyes, and looking carefully about him in every direction, as if to reassure himself that not one boy lingered to keep him company, moved on. He was an honest boy; he had no thought of stealing anything on the way—it was not that; he was not afraid of "the master," for he was always at the head of his class, and seemed more anxious to understand his lessons than any boy in school. He was not afraid any big boy would thrash him, nor was he lying in wait for any smaller boy to thrash. No, Jemmy was no such coward. On he moved, with leaden feet, past the old familiar spots; past the grocer's, with his peanuts, and oranges, and cocoa-nuts, and nicely potted flowers, that he hoped would attract the house-wives who came to buy his sugar and tea; past the baker's, with his tempting pies and tarts, and piles of sugared cake, and heaps of candy; past the toy-shop, and the tinman's, and the shoe-store; he had read all their signs till they were as familiar to him as his own name, and now he had turned the last corner of the street in which was his own house. *Now* it was that the child turned pale, and set his white teeth together, and drew his breath hard. His house was a very pretty one, with a nice little garden spot in front, in which were fragrant flowers, for his mother was very fond of them—almost as fond as she was of Jemmy.

He had a kind mother, then? Yes; but do you see that crowd of boys, like a little black swarm, round the pretty white gate before his house? You cannot see what they are looking at so earnestly inside the fence, but you can hear their shouts and laughter, and so, alas! does Jemmy. His face is not white now—it is as red as the daisies in his mother's garden, and his eyes flash like the rain-drops on the daisies' bosoms, that the bright sun is now shining upon. Alas! when will there be sunshine in Jemmy's house?

"Ah, there's Jim, now," said a rude boy, loud enough for Jemmy to hear. "Here's your drunken father, Jim."

"Stand away! go home! off with you all!" shouted Jemmy, in a harsh, fierce voice, that contrasted strangely with his slight figure, and sweet, infantile face; "off with you!" and he walked into the center of the group, where, crouched upon the ground, was a man, vainly trying, on his hands and knees—for he could not stand—to reach the door to get in; his nice broadcloth coat was covered with dirt; his hat was crushed in; bits of straw and grass were sticking in his thick, black hair; his eyes were red, and he did not even see his own little boy, who was crimson with shame as he stood over him, and vainly tried to help him to his feet. "Off with you!" shouted Jemmy again to the boys, who laughed as his father fell *against him, almost knocking* him over; "off with you, I say!" bringing his little foot to the ground with a stamp that made them all start; then, rushing up to the door, he rang the bell violently, and turned his head away to conceal the tears that would no longer be kept back. A woman came to the door—it was Jemmy's mother, and together they helped in the drunken husband and father.

No wonder Jemmy dreaded going home from school. It was not the first time, nor the second, nor the third, that he had helped his father in at the area door when he was too drunk to find his way up the front steps to his own house; and sometimes Jemmy, only that he thought of his mother, would have wished himself dead. It was so terrible—the brutal laugh and jests of those cruel boys. Oh! I hope you never do such mean things. I have known children who taunted their playmates and school-fellows with such troubles when they were angry with them, or sometimes, as in this case, for mere sport. It is a sign of a base, mean, cruel nature, and the boy or girl who would remind any child of their acquaintance of a disagreeable thing of this kind, which is hard enough to hear at best, and twit and taunt them with it, or pain them by noticing it in any way, is a boy or a girl to be shunned and avoided. Nero, the tyrant, who roasted people for his amusement, must have been such a boy. I am sorry to say I have known little girls equally malicious and wicked—bad women they will surely grow up, if not broken of such mean cruelty before they are women.

A drunkard is a drunkard all the same, whether he gets drunk on bad rum or champaigne; whether he takes his senses away at the club-house or low, corner grocery: he comes to the gutter just as surely in the end. It made no difference to little Jemmy that his father got drunk on rich old wine, and sipped it from cut glass in a handsome apartment; his mother was as heart-broken, and her children just as miserable as they could be. Dollar after dollar the man was swallowing; and Jemmy might well study hard, and be at the head of his class, for he would need all he could learn to coin into bread and butter, by the time he got old enough to keep his mother and little brothers and sisters. And Jemmy's father *used* to be so kind—that memory came often to the child, to make him patient under his trouble, to help him to excuse him for the wrong he was doing both himself and them. "He was so kind *once*" Jemmy would sob out in his little bed at night. "I remember——," and then he would beguile himself by remembering the walks and rides he used to take with him—the Christmas presents—how pleased father was to hear his lessons well recited—and now! Oh, nobody who has not dropped from such a hight of happiness down to that dreadful "now" can tell how bruised the poor heart may be by the fall! God help little Jemmy and all like him, who have sorrows all the greater that they must bear the burden alone; that they are *unspeakable* sorrows, save to Him who will never taunt us with their heavy burden, or turn to us a careless ear.

You may be sure that when Jemmy grew up he never drank. Long before the beard grew on his soft, white chin, his father's bloated face was hidden under a tombstone; and when, in after years, young men of his own age locked arms, or clapping each other on the shoulder, as they passed some gilded saloon, said to one another and to him, "Come in and take a drink," you may be sure that the smile died away on Jemmy's face, and he saw—not the bright lights in the saloon window, nor the gay, laughing throng inside—but instead a form crouching like a beast at his feet, dirt-besmeared, with bloodshot eyes—creeping, crawling, like a loathsome reptile, who has no soul to save—for whom there is no Heaven, no glorious future after death—nothing but annihilation. Ah, no, Jemmy could not "take a drink"—his very soul sickened when they asked him.

FANNY FERN.

BYRON'S DEFORMITY.

"No one," says Mr. Trelawney in his recently published *Recollections of Shelley and Byron*, "was in the house but Fletcher, who withdrew the black pall and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the Pilgrim—more beautiful even in death than in life. The contraction of the skin and muscles had effaced every line traced by time or passion; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and its perfect finish. Yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough. How often have I heard him curse it. *I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water; and on his leaving the room*, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, *I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet* and was answered—both his feet were clubbed, and the legs withered to the knee: the form and face of an Apollo, *with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr*."

We ask our readers to mark the passages which we have *italicised*. Taking into view the greatness of Byron, the fact of his friendship for Trelawney, and the sacredness that, like the shroud itself, should infold and protect the dead—who can read the passage quoted without a shudder? If Byron had wished his friend to know the extremeness of his deformity, would he have concealed it from him, as he did from all the world? What sacrilege, then, was here committed on a powerless form lying in the awful "Valley of the Shadow of Death." And look at Trelawney's meanness in making an excuse to get his friend's servant and corpse-watcher out of the room—so that the *Dead could be unveiled!* Byron might be physically deformed, might have "*the feet and legs of a satyr*," but is not Trelawney a brute, body and all? If acquaintances meet in the next world, will Trelawney dare look Childe Harold in the face? No! he would skulk away, like a base wretch as he is, back, back to the fartherest confines of Eternity!

TREES.

"Woodman, spare that tree," popular as it may be in song, ought to be more familiar and popular with all who are possessors of trees. How beautiful—most beautiful of Earth's adornments—are trees. Waving out on the hills and down in the valleys, in wild-wood or orchard, or singly by the wayside; God's spirit and benizon seem to us ever present in trees. For their shade and shelter to man and brute, for the music the winds make among their leaves and the birds in their branches; for the fruits and flowers they bear to delight the palate and the eye, and the fragrance that goes out and upward from them forever, we are worshipful of trees.

"Under his own vine and fig-tree"—what more expressive of rest, independence and lordship in the earth! Well may the Arab reverence in the date palm a God-given source of daily sustenance. Dear to the Spaniard his olive, and to the Hindoo his banyan, wherein dwell the families of man, and the birds of heaven build their nests. Without trees what a desert place would be our earth—naked, parched, and hateful to the eye. Yet how many are thoughtless of the use and beauty of trees. How many strike the ax idly or wantonly at their roots. Above all other things in the landscape, we would deal gently with trees. Most beautiful where and as God plants them, but beautiful even as planted by the poorest art of man, trees should be protected and preserved. If he is a benefactor who causes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, how much greater his beneficence who plants a tree in some waste place, to shelter and shade, to draw thither songbirds, and to bear fruit for man. Plant trees, O man, that hast waste land—and be careful of those that are planted.

FRENCH COURAGE.

Reader, did you ever yet hear a Frenchman acknowledge that he had been, or could be, frightened? You never did, and we—but let us not anticipate our story. Some time since, Monsieur Monod, a French merchant, doing business in New York, happening to be present at a conversation between some other merchants, in which the theory of atmospheric influences on the human system was discussed, Monsieur avowed his profound belief in the doctrine, and going even further, added, "Wee, gentilhommes, de atmosphere affect de animal, too—dere is my horse Napoleon—eh bien! de oder morning, after brakefast, I get on him to coome down to my place of buisness—it was fine morning—de sun ver bright, de breeze ver fine—Napoleon erect his ear, he switch his tail, he be very proud—eh bien! pretty soon de cloud coome up in de sky—de breeze turned to high wind—ver onpleasant—Napoleon feel it—he drop his ear, he stop trot. 'Git up, Napoleon'—be no mind—I git mad—I stick him wid de spur—*he* git mad—his eye shoot fire like his grand namesake's—he dash down de street—me no can stop him—he run by my store down to Peck Slip—and dere all at once he stop so sudden dat I pitch over his head on to a big boa—what you call him?—wee, wee, boa constrict dat had got away from Barnum's Museum—eh bien, as I say, I fell on de big snake, and, gentlemen, if you ever saw a poor devil scare, it was—dat infernal *boa constrict!*"

DUTY.

We see with pain that, among the *isms* of the day, an underrating of duty, and a dangerous elevation of the idea that the seeking of one's own pleasure, are assuming fearful proportions. *Individuality* is becoming the god; the *sub*jective and not the *ob*jective is the *to Kalon:* I—I—I—the eternal *I*—to be the one burden of every tune played in the orchestra of life. How shallow are the philosophers of this school! Duty is *not* slavery; it is, in truth, but a golden trace in which, and, indeed, by which alone, we can draw our cars to the goal of happiness.

A SAD SIGHT.—A little boy, named McNamee, only four years old, was recently examined before a coroner's jury, in regard to the killing of his mother by his father. The little fellow's attention was first diverted with a lot of toys; as soon as he became self-possessed, the subject of the murder was broached, when the child, in lisping accents, told the horrid tale with a simplicity and pathos which brought tears to every eye and carried conviction to every heart. A sad spectacle, truly, to see a child of such tender years giving evidence against its father on such a charge!

SINGULARITY is laudable when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conscience, morality, and honor.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

AN equal is what a man of real talent will seldom find among his superiors. As the winds and waters, abrasion and gravitation, are perpetually tending toward a physical equalization by lowering mountains and filling up valleys, so, in the moral world, the progress of social improvement gradually tends to equalize all ranks by reducing the higher and elevating the lower—a leveling process equally conducive to the happiness and melioration of both. Civilization is in fact a gravitation toward that happy medium which is the center of attraction to the social circle. "Take not from me," exclaimed a wise man, to those who wished to elevate him in position, "Take not from me the delight of living with my equals."

IT may seem a curious fact that, in all affairs of honor, excepting those where the sole motive is revenge, fear appears to be the main ingredient. From fear we accept a challenge, and from fear we refuse it. From the false fear of opinion we go to the field, or we decline to do so from the real fear of danger or the moral fear of guilt. Dueling is an evil that it will be extremely difficult to eradicate altogether, for, where it exists, its eradication would require a society composed of such materials as are not to be found without admixture—a society where all who are not Christians, must at least be gentlemen, or, if neither, philosophers.

THE invisible crow, whose footprints at the corners of the eyes are the only evidence of his existence, or the *parenthesis*, as Holmes says, in which Time puts the mouth, are no surer indications of approaching age than is that little weakness when a man fancies he is growing virtuous; when he begins to tell with a sort of half sigh how wild he was in his young days. We are not sure about that semi-sigh, whether it is regret for the follies he has committed, or that he can commit no more.

IT has been thought and said, that, with some few exceptions, he is the ablest general who can practice the greatest deceit, and support it by the greatest violence; who can best develop the designs of others, and best conceal his own; who can best enact both parts of hypocrisy by simulating to be what he is not, and dissembling that which he is; persuading his adversary that he is most strong when he is most weak, and most weak when he is, in fact, most strong.

WERE we to say that we admire the tricks and gambols of a monkey, but think nothing of that power which created the limbs and muscles by which they are performed, even a coxcomb would stare at us for the asseveration; and yet *he* is in the daily commission of a much grosser contradiction, since he neglects his Maker but worships himself.

VOLTAIRE says that the reputation of Dante will continually be growing greater and greater because there is nobody now that reads him. This sentiment must be a source of great consolation to many of our modern poets, who have already lived to see themselves arrive at *this* point of greatness.

ORATORY is the blustering spoilt child of a semi-barbarous age. The Press is the foe of rhetoric, but the friend of reason; and the art of declamation has been sinking in value from the moment speakers were foolish enough to publish, and readers wise enough to read.

TENNYSON describes a lover as clinging to the lips of his mistress in a passionate kiss till he draws her whole soul through them. Those who make a mistress of the bottle often cling to her mouth till they draw her whole spirit through it.

THE Southern Mercury records that Mr. H. S. Waters "received a fatal blow from his own father for crossing him in his matrimonial purposes." Unquestionably it is dangerous to cross the "Father of Waters."

A LADY wished a seat in a crowded hall. A handsome gentleman brought her a chair. "You are a jewel," said she. "Oh, no, I am a jeweler; I have just set the jewel."

WE should not, in our attempts to elevate ourselves, lose sight of safety. He who stands upon a tall man's shoulders, can look over the heads of those around him, but his footing is much less secure than theirs.

A FEW days ago, we saw a party of ladies and gentlemen, with fishing-rods, returning from a creek. We supposed they had been out to drop a few lines to the fishes, inviting them to "come out of the wet."

"You are making a butt of me," said a drunken man to the persons laughing at him. "You appear to be making a *butt* of yourself," replied one of them.

WE are often reminded that "the Dutch have taken Holland." Those worthy people occasionally take a little Holland among us, but they generally prefer lager-beer.

THAT effervescence of the heart or the imagination, that we call enthusiasm, is a fine stimulus of our nature, but only where it stops short of mental intoxication.

WE suppose that egotistical people may be set down as taking excellent care of themselves, for every man minds his *I*.

GIRLS sometimes put their lips out poutingly because they are angry, and sometimes because their lips are disposed to meet yours half way

"DID you ever see a lunar bow, Miss?" "I have seen a great many beaus by moonlight, if that's what you mean."

A COQUETTE is said to be an imperfect incarnation of Cupid, as she keeps her beau, and not her arrows, in a quiver.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A CLERGYMAN living in New Jersey was not long since called out, on a dark and stormy night, to marry a couple who lived some two miles from his residence. After the ceremony, the groom handed the reverend gentleman a *one dollar bill* in payment for his services. He took the bill, looked at it tenderly, and handed it back to the groom, saying, "It is *too small* to go out on such a night as this. Keep it till it grows *larger*." In the course of a week the bill grew to an X.

A MAN in Ohio recently cut down a mulberry tree, and on splitting it open, found in the heart of it a black snake, over six feet long. The wood was sound where the snake was lying, and there was not room enough in the cavity for him to turn round. From the growth of the timber, it is supposed that the snake must have been there fifteen years. He was blind, and had no use of himself except his head. We should like to know on what he has lived!

AT the Thomastown (Pa.) colliery, a short time since, as two men and two boys were being hoisted out of a mine, some of the machinery gave way just as the car reached the mouth of the shaft, and it, with its occupants, was precipitated to the bottom of the abyss, a sheer perpendicular distance of two hundred and forty feet. The bodies of the unfortunate men and boys were crushed almost to a jelly.

THE editor of a Swedish newspaper, published at Stockholm, who, in his journal, falsely accused a young lady of having committed a revolting crime, has been condemned to be beheaded, and his lawyer was condemned to one month's imprisonment and expelled from the bar, for having undertaken the libeller's defence with a full knowledge of his guilt.

AN aged and highly respectable lady, named Susan Rennia, came from Nyack to this city, a short time since, on a visit to her daughter, and the next day walked down to the pier at the foot of sixteenth street, where, after removing most of her clothing, and carefully tying it up in a pocket-handkerchief, she deliberately drowned herself.

A FARMER, named Healy, living near Morrisville, Pa., was recently thrown from the driving seat of a mowing machine, and before the horses could be stopped he was nearly chopped in pieces by the knives of the machine. He bled to death in a few minutes.

A MAN writing from Arkansas to his friends in this State, says that that is a queer country: if a man goes there with a five-dollar gold piece, they tar and feather him for being an aristocrat, and if he is poor, they let the ague shake him to death.

AT a ball recently given by the Queen of England, the Marquis of Westminster, who is supposed to be the richest man in the world, wore four jewels which were worth half a million of dollars. One diamond, set in his sword hilt, is worth $150,000.

BRIGHAM YOUNG says that many of the United States troops have signified a desire to embrace the Mormon religion, but he mistrusts that the Mormon wives are what the rascals really want to embrace.

AT a place called the Broad Tree Tunnel, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, there are living an aged couple named Church, who are familiarly known as "Old Hundred," the wife being 103 and the husband 108 years old.

A LITTLE girl, named Lydia Haight, between four and five years of age, was run over, a few days since, by a Hudson River Railroad passenger car, as she was crossing Hudson street, and killed.

WAITING.

BY ALICE CARY.

The day has gone to the starry beck
  Of the night beneath the hill,
And the breeze is lying asleep on th' neck
  Of the queenly daffodil.

I'm waiting under th' apple-tree, dear,
  Each moment a weary while,
And the beetle has crept from his furrow near
  To sun himself in your smile.

Now comes the moon, and th' flaunting pride
  Of the twilight fades to gray,
The while she shoulders the clouds aside
  To light your steps this way.

Such mortal meanings my love begets
  In things which else were dumb,
That I kiss th' ears of the violets
  As they turn the way you'll come.

The dandelions in grassy beds
  That tucked in softly, lie,
Lift up their yellow and curly heads
  Whenever a step goes by.

The owl, as I listen, seems to drown
  In his muffled coat, his cries,
And the hollyhock folds her red shirt down
  To please my jealous eyes.

The dimpled waves of the valley-stream,
  Through sheils with cheeks aglow,
Run to meet you with gifts of cream
  They have churned as white as snow.

I know, my love, you are coming now,
  For the beetle is creeping higher,
And every blossom of every bough
  Is red in the face as fire.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND'S PLOT.

We will not attempt to describe the pain of the lovers at parting; certain there are many of the readers of the tale who have doubtless experienced a similar agony; and their memories can picture it more graphically than the pen of an author can describe.

There was one person who felt surprised and annoyed that our hero did not accompany Sir Charles and his family to Delhi. It was Mr. Chutnee; all his jealousy, which had slumbered for a time, revived.

Young, rich, and perfectly uncontrolled in his movements as Richard was, he could not understand the motive which retained him in Calcutta. His love of business seemed inadequate to explain them, and he mentally attributed it to a passion for his young and innocent wife; for his insane jealousy had returned.

Unfortunately the merchant had lately fallen into a habit of consulting his managing clerk—*managing* in more senses than one. Although he had never avowed the suspicions which were gradually undermining his peace of mind and destroying his domestic happiness, the vail he threw over them was so transparent that a child might have penetrated it. Sanford both saw and rejoiced at his uneasiness, and considered how he might turn the sort of tacit understanding established between them upon the subject to the advancement of his own guilty views.

"You have heard," said Mr. Chutnee, "of the departure of the 01st for Delhi?"

"I have, sir," replied the clerk. "We have made heavy advances to the planters, and should any outbreak occur——"

"Pshaw! It is not the money I am thinking of," interrupted the old man, impatiently.

His hearer already divined as much.

"I have little fear of losing that," added the speaker.

"Still, things look threateningly."

"Let them threaten," replied Mr. Chutnee. "The yoke of England is too firmly fixed upon their necks for a rebellious movement to shake it off."

"Not if the insurrection proved a military one."

"I see you are one of those croakers who have lost faith in the stability of British power in India," observed his employer. "True, you have not watched its growth, as I have."

The speaker had passed the greater portion of his life in India, having come over as a boy.

"Wherever England plants her foot, she is immovable."

"Eventually, perhaps," added his more clear-sighted hearer.

"But that is not the point; you have, doubtless, heard that our young friend Mr. Tyrrell is engaged to the ward of Sir Charles?"

Mr. Sanford had heard as much.

"Is it not strange that he does not accompany them—for a few months, at least?"

The hypocrite admitted that it was rather strange.

"How do you account for it?"

"His intense application to business."

"Pshaw!"

"Or some tie we are ignorant of, which detains him in Calcutta; in fact, I have frequently thought——"

Here the artful fellow hesitated, and tried to look confused, as if he had gone farther in his confidence than he intended.

"What have you thought?"

"Nothing—a mere surmise."

"Your surmise, then."

"I cannot utter that."

"Why not?"

"It might prove unjust."

"Do speak plainly," said the merchant, impatiently. "You are one of those men who move in the world with your eyes open, and are not likely to come to an incorrect conclusion."

"But I have come to no conclusion yet."

"Your *surmise*, then."

"Well, sir, since you will have it," replied his confidential clerk, "I must own that I have frequently wondered why Mr. Tyrrell, who is so rich already, and the heir to a still greater fortune—according to your correspondent, Curry's account—should so devote himself to business."

"It is rather singular," observed Mr. Chutnee, moodily.

"He is more regular in his attendance at the office than any paid clerk."

"That is true."

"And the suggestion naturally is——"

"Speak it."

"That it covers some design," added the former speaker; "a laudable one, no doubt, for I would be the last person in the world to insinuate anything against his honor."

Mr. Chutnee turned pale with conflicting emotions, as the unprincipled man, who perceived and secretly smiled at his folly, thus heartlessly sported with his feelings.

"Had I been the lover of Lillian—I mean *really* her lover," added the clerk, "the chain must have been a strong one to detain me here."

The jealous husband groaned.

"I know," continued his tormentor, "that Lady Bell expressed considerable surprise at his determination."

"And well she might."

"Tried to shake it."

"And failed."

"*Evidently*, since Tyrrell remains. But since you feel interested in the matter, there are means by which we might obtain a clue to his motives."

"Name them."

"They might prove expensive."

"Hang the money."

"Amongst the servants, natives, whom Mr. Tyrrell has engaged, there is one who formerly lived with me. Like most of his caste, he is accessible to a bribe; in fact, there is scarcely an act gold would not tempt him to commit. Now I know that his master has lately had a very strong cabinet made of zebra wood, with locks from Europe."

"Well?"

"It can't be to keep his money in."

"Certainly not," replied the merchant; "he draws upon me for that, and never in any considerable sums."

"Truly, sir."

"What can he guard in it?"

"*Letters.*"

Had a serpent stung him, the jealous man could not have started more suddenly; for the look which accompanied the word conveyed far more than the mere word itself.

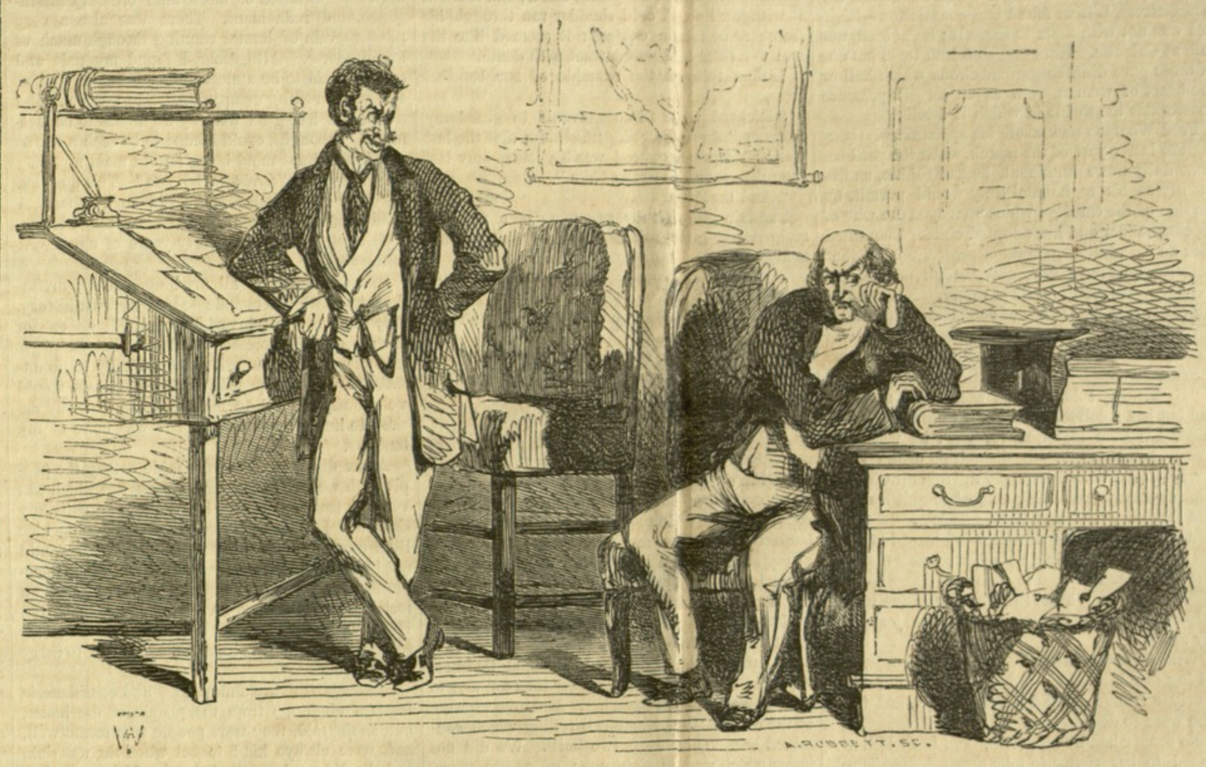
"And you think that this fellow——" he faltered.

"I am sure of it," replied the clerk, seeing that his employer had still too much shame left to explain his meaning more clearly.

"I must be satisfied," exclaimed Mr. Chutnee, "even though the knowledge insure the misery of all my future days. You must obtain possession of the letters."

"That will be impossible."

"How so? Have I misunderstood you?"



THE JEALOUS HUSBAND AND THE PLOTTING MANAGING CLERK.

"You forget the lock, sir," replied the clerk. "But the cabinet might be removed whilst Mr. Tyrrell is at the office, and——"

"I understand you. An act of—— No, no; I cannot descend to that. Is there no other way?"

"I fear not."

"Then must I risk it!"

The eyes of the clerk flashed with a momentary expression of triumph at the thought of persuading the wealthy merchant, whom he secretly hated, to compromise himself by an act of felony."

"Will you undertake it?" said he to his dupe.

"If you desire it, I will."

"Spare not for money; it is the key to every Asiatic's heart," added Mr. Chutnee. "Reflect on the impatience which is devouring me, poisoning my existence, and do what you have promised at once."

With this understanding, they separated.

It was a fortunate circumstance for our hero and the success of the design which brought him to India, that—before the unprincipled plan could be put into execution—his friend Lieutenant Marsh arrived from his mysterious journey.

"Where have you been?" demanded his ward, after the first congratulations had passed between them.

"In the Punjaub," replied his guardian.

Richard repeated the name of the place with surprise, not having the slightest idea of any motive to a journey to such a distant place.

"Where I have been on an errand in which your happiness is concerned," added the old soldier.

"Mine?"

"Yours and Lillian's."

"Do explain."

"You recollect the portrait we both admired at Meldown Park?" said the gentleman.

"Perfectly."

"And my observation that it resembled the late Allan Boothroyd, the younger brother of Sir Norman."

"That, too, I remember," observed Richard.

"At the same time, I did not explain to you that the woman Allan married was my only sister. On seeing Lillian at the ball, I was struck by the resemblance, and cautiously made inquiries. The result has been a firm conviction in my own mind that she is my niece."

"Impossible!"

"There is nothing half so strange as the truth," observed the lieutenant, with a smile, "and experience proves it daily. At present, understand me, it is only a conviction; but soon I trust to obtain the proofs. Had Sir Charles not left for Delhi, my task would have been easy."

"But why not proceed at once there?" demanded Tyrrell, with considerable excitement.

"And leave you again alone?"

"Yes."

"Not after the infamous attempt which has been made upon your life," replied Marsh. "I could never face your grandfather again, who has confided you to my care."

"Think not of me."

"I can comprehend your feelings," said Marsh, "but you must also make allowance for mine. I have a sacred duty to perform, and will not shrink from it. My private affairs must wait."

Knowing how useless it would be to attempt to turn him from a purpose thus seriously decided upon, his hearer remained silent.

"Listen to me, Richard," continued the speaker; "it is evident that you have an enemy unscrupulous and cunning to deal with: the death in prison of your khansumah Hassan could not have been accomplished, unless that enemy had powerful friends."

"I have frequently thought so," answered the young man.

"The repetition of the attempt must be guarded against."

"But how?"

"By dismissing every native from your service, and engaging European ones in their place."

"And then?"

"Next you must permit me to take up my abode with you—not as a guardian, I do not ask it in that character, but as a friend."

"In either character," exclaimed the young man, extending his hand to him, "you will be welcome."

Lieutenant Marsh pressed it cordially.

"I will watch over your safety. They must be cunning if they deceive me, for a long residence in India has given me a knowledge of their ways. I will answer for your safety."

CHAPTER LXVI.

DEATH OF SANFORD.

Sanford was not the kind of man to permit a project, on the results of which he calculated so greatly, to remain like an idle dream within his brain; on the contrary, he proceeded to make arrangements for carrying it into execution immediately. As he stated to Mr. Chutnee, when the unprincipled scheme was first proposed, the concocter of it found little difficulty in bribing the domestic, who readily undertook to admit him and his companions to the house of our hero on the following night, for, in order to insure success, the managing clerk had decided on accompanying his agents. Unfortunately, however, for him, the very morning the attempt was to be made, Richard, in compliance with the advice of his friend Marsh, dismissed every native from his service, consequenely Jack Manders and an Englishman, named Edwards, who had brought out horses for the governor-general, were the only persons in the house beside himself and the lieutenant.

Sanford, with his usual mistrust, had made the payment of the sum he had promised to the faithless servant contingent on success, which stipulation induced the equally cunning Asiatic to conceal from him the fact of his dismissal. By hiding in the courtyard he doubted not but he could unbar the gates, admit the party to the house, and so perform his part of the agreement.

Jack and the groom were seated in the dining-room long after our hero and his friend had retired to rest. The grateful fellow was relating to his new acquaintance the attempts which had been made upon the life of his benefactor, and describe his own sufferings from the poisonous root.

"I can believe it," observed the man; "this is not my first visit to India. I came out with the marquis, and once saw one of the conjurers or priests perform a trick that many a Newmarket jockey would give a trifle to get hold of."

"And what was that?" demanded his hearer.

"I scarcely like to tell you, lest you should think that I was kicking over the traces, and stretching the rein too far."

"No fear of that, after all I have seen and heard," said Jack.

"Well, then," continued the man, "we had been three weeks trying to break in a charger for his lordship, a fiery, vicious brute, the dread of the stable; it had nearly killed one poor fellow, and thrown me twice. I am not reckoned the worst horseman in the world. We were exercising it in the *Madden*, as they call it, when a little withered old man—I think they said he came from the hills—offered to ride him, without saddle or bridle. Of course, I and Jem—Jem was my fellow-servant—both laughed at him, but a gentleman, who was standing near, advised us to let him try."

"And did you?"

"We did. The fellow passed his hands once or twice over the head and face of the horse; then jumped upon his back and rode him thrice round the course with a single hair."

"A single hair!" repeated Jack, with astonishment.

"That was the strangest thing of all," said Edwards. "He twisted one hair of the charger's mane round his finger and guided him with it as easily as if it had been the strongest bit in the stables."

"It didn't last, I suppose?"

"No," answered the groom, "I only wish it had. When Jem or I mounted him, the brute was as vicious as ever. You must have been pretty lonely," he added, looking round him, "before I came."

"Mr. Tyrrell dismissed the native servants from the house this morning," replied Jack. "Henceforth he is resolved to employ only Englishmen."

"And very right, too!" observed his companion.

Manders related in his turn some portion of his own adventures; but what he most dwelt upon was the mysterious disappearance of his old friend and companion in misfortune, Caleb, whose persecutions from Captain Gall he described.

"Do you think his skipper nabbed him again?" inquired Edwards; "he seems to have been a bad one."

Before Jack could inform him that the Caradoc had sailed some days previous to the loss of his friend, both the speakers were startled by a noise in the adjoining saloon.

It sounded as if one of the heavy punkahs had been held back, and suddenly let fall against the window.

"What is that?" exclaimed the groom, starting from his seat.

"Hush!" whispered Jack Manders, at the same time extinguishing the light; "there are strangers in the house."

"Thieves?"

"Or something worse," was the reply.

"Shall I give an alarm?" demanded Edwards, in the same under tone.

"Let us first see what the danger is like," replied his companion, who was not easily terrified, and whose self-possession was increased by the knowledge that the intruders, whoever they might be, could only approach the chamber of Richard by passing through the apartment he and his servant were in.

For some time past the speaker had made it a point, especially at night, to be well armed. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he placed it in the hand of the groom, and both advanced stealthily towards the door of communication between the dining-room and the saloon.

Applying his eye to the keyhole, Jack beheld three men in the dresses usually worn by natives; two of them were carrying off the zebra-wood cabinet in which he knew that our hero kept his private papers; whilst the third appeared to direct the operation.

Without a moment's hesitation, the faithful fellow threw open the door and discharged his revolver at the plunderers; Edwards followed his example.

Two of the thieves fell, the third escaped.

The report of the weapons speedily brought Richard and the lieutenant from their chambers. Both were well armed. There was no occasion to ask an explanation of the scene before them—the overturned cabinet, and the bodies of the wounded men rendered it but too apparent.

"Are you hit, Jack?" demanded our hero, anxiously; for his first thoughts were of his faithful, though humble friend.

"Not a scratch, sir," replied Manders; "the shots you heard were fired by us. We have winged two of them."

"This fellow is dead," observed Edwards, turning over one of the bodies with his foot. "As for this," he added, approaching the second and giving it a kick——

"I soon shall be," muttered the guilty wretch.

All present started at the sound of his voice, for the words were uttered in English.

"Sanford!" exclaimed our hero, who was the first to recognize him. "What motive could have induced you to attempt a crime like this?"

The wounded man pointed to the cabinet.

"Had you obtained possession of it," said the speaker, "you would have been disappointed in your hopes of plunder; it contains only papers and letters."

"It was those I wished to see," replied the clerk, speaking with great difficulty, for the bullet had penetrated one of his lungs, and the blood rose gurgling to his throat with every effort he made. "There is a mystery about you which I feel affects me. I resolved to fathom it; and that jealous old fool, Chutnee, he encouraged me; gave me money to bribe my accomplices with, in the hope of detecting proofs of your correspondence with his wife."

"I never received a line from her in my life," said Richard, indignantly. "His suspicions are as false as his conduct is now proved infamous."

A party of police, which the lieutenant had sent for, as well as a surgeon, now arrived. The latter, after a brief examination of Sanford's wound, pronounced it to be mortal.

"Don't let them send me to a prison," murmured the unhappy man; "I haven't done you any very serious wrong."

"At such a moment I could pardon it, were it ten times greater," replied Tyrrell. "Think of other forgiveness than that of a poor, frail being like myself. There is a future, Sanford, and a Judge from whom no secrets are hidden—we cannot deceive Him."

"I have committed no crime," said the dying man, "that is, no great one."

"Nor concealed any?"

The question agitated the clerk fearfully. It seemed as if each word acted like a probe upon his half seared conscience.

"Who—" he demanded, "who is he that asks me?"

"Richard Hoffman, not Tyrrell—the name is but an assumed one—the son of the man whose reputation you and Carus Kearn contrived to blast between you."

At the name of Carus, Sanford became greatly excited, and cursed him as the cause of his ruin.

"A bad end," he muttered, "a bad end. Peter Mangles always foretold that it would fall upon us both. It has overtaken me; it will be the turn of Carus next."

This last idea seemed to afford him considerable satisfaction.

Richard Tyrrell, instead of attempting to excite his evil feelings towards the partner of his iniquities, acted a far nobler, and, as it ultimately proved, a wiser part, by speaking to him of forgiveness and mercy.

"Well, I suppose I must forgive him,—at least, I'll try to do so," replied the dying clerk; "but you don't know what a villain he has been. Repeat that prayer again," he added; "I feel as if it did me good to listen to it."

Richard Hoffman complied with his request, and prayed by him long and fervently.

A few minutes only before Sanford expired, he drew from his bosom a small key, and placed it in the hands of our hero.

"When I am dead," he said; "when I am dead."

These were the last words he ever uttered, for suffocation soon afterwards ensued, and the struggle of life was ended.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

FRED WHARTON'S PROMISE.

The 01st had been three weeks on their march towards Delhi. Each day, as they advanced into the interior of the country, rumors of fresh insurrections reached them. Stations abandoned, officers murdered by the men they commanded, a few hours after the oath of fidelity had been clamorously and voluntarily renewed. Treasures looted, and women and children butchered in a manner too horrible to be described in our pages. It now became too evident that the rebellion, instead of remaining isolated, had become general, that the *prestige* of the English name and arms could no longer hold the infuriated sepoys in subjection. The spell was broken. It had never been a hallowed one, for the qualities of justice, mercy, and, above all, example, were wanting.

The position of Sir Charles Fourreau, on whom a vast amount of responsibility rested, was a most painful one. With only a single regiment, surrounded by countless enemies or doubtful friends, his military duties required not only a cool head but a firm heart. No wonder that the latter sometimes failed him, when he thought of his wife and Lillian, who bore bravely up amidst scenes of danger and terror that might have blanched the soldier's cheek, and caused the iron nerve of manhood to quail. At each fresh tale of outrage, massacre and crime, the mental agony of the veteran increased, and bitterly did he regret having yielded to their entreaties to accompany him upon his march. Had they been safe in Calcutta, how different would have been his feelings, how undivided his energies.

Lady Bell and her adopted daughter were not the only ladies with the regiment. The wives of Dr. Burke and the senior captain shared their perils. The former, a merry, strong-minded woman, had gone through the Sikh campaign, and absolutely seemed to enjoy the excitement of the march and its dangers; the lightness with which she treated the latter, and her wild flow of spirits served to keep up those of her companions.

As for the officers and privates, nothing could exceed their gallantry and devotion to the fair companions of their march. At the mess, in the tent, or bivouac, they repeatedly vowed to perish to the last man in their defense; and we doubt not, had the stern necessity arisen, they would have kept their word.

It was at the close of a long day's march that the 01st entered a long, straggling village, about six miles distant from the temple of Gonitsche, and the fort of ——, held by a native rajah named Acbar, who had received not only an increase of territory, but many important favors, from the English.

Up to the arrival of the regiment, the wily Asiatic had not declared himself either for or against the insurgents, but contented himself by collecting provisions and gathering his forces in his stronghold.

As Sir Charles and the major entered the village at the head of the first column, the former observed with secret misgiving, that the place was almost deserted. Neither the native police magistrate nor the collector made his appearance; not a male inhabitant was to be seen; a few women only gazed upon them sullenly as they advanced, looking the curses they dared not yet give utterance to.

"Humph!" uttered the major, in a dissatisfied tone, "our reception appears anything but friendly."

"Decidedly hostile, I should say," observed his companion. "And yet, after the letters of Acbar, his solemn assurances of fidelity——"

"Springes to catch woodcocks," interrupted Plinlimmon. "I would not trust one of the rascals. Remember Cawnpore."

The commander of the 01st shuddered and cast a nervous glance towards the carriage in which the ladies were riding.

"I know," he replied, "that the rajah is one of the few native princes on whom the governor-general and council place reliance."

"More fools they," said the major, drily. "But you are the best judge, perhaps," he added, after a pause. "I have no wish to obtrude my advice."

"Obtrude!" repeated Sir Charles; "is it possible you can do me the injustice to suppose that it is not highly prized. I am a man of few words, but never can I forget the firm support I have received, not only from yourself, Major Plinlimmon, but every officer of my regiment. If I have not always been guided by it," he continued, after a pause, "it was from no vain reliance upon my own judgment, but the fear that my motives might be misconstrued."

"Misconstrued!" exclaimed his brother officer. "By whom? There is not a man in the 01st but knows you to be as brave as you are prudent. Were I to speak my mind, I should say braver. For our last advance, to say the least of it, has been hazardous; we ought to have waited till Anson's forces came up."

"I know it—I feel it now," replied the baronet, with a sigh of bitter regret. "But had I done so, the reason, in all probability, would have been misjudged."

"Impossible!"

"You forget I am a husband."

"No, I don't!" exclaimed the warm-hearted Welshman; "more than enough has been done for honor; and if any one dares assert, hint, or insinuate the contrary, David Ap Oel Plinlimmon, major in her Majesty's 01st, is ready to give him the lie, and meet him and settle the difference like a Christian gentleman and an officer after-

wards. As for Lady Bell," he continued, "I cannot sufficiently express my admiration—never a look or word of complaint—always a pleasant smile and a cheerful word. She and Lillian are the only women I ever met worthy of being soldiers' wives."

"You forget the doctor's helpmate," observed the colonel, greatly gratified.

"No, I don't," replied the major, drily; "she is a fine specimen of a female trooper, and an excellent partner for Burke. In the Sikh war, I am told, she more than once handled a musket, and brought down her man."

Here the adjutant rode up, and requested orders for bivouacing the men for the night. Before they could be given, an officer of the rajah, escorted by a dozen horsemen, was seen entering the village at the opposite extremity; a train of bullock carts with provisions followed in the rear.

After salaaming with more than oriental servility, he placed a letter from his chief in the hands of Sir Charles.

Burke was summoned from the rear to interpret it.

The rajah, after a profusion of expressions of fidelity, informed the commander of the gallant 01st that he had been absent collecting his men and had only just heard of the approach of the regiment. That in token of good will towards his allies, he had forwarded a supply of provisions, and proposed paying him a visit on the following morning.

"Do you think the writer may be trusted?" said the colonel, as the doctor concluded the reading of the rajah's missive.

Before answering the question, Burke inquired of the bearer why his master had not come himself.

"He has not quitted his saddle for twelve hours," replied the messenger, "and his highness suffers from the jungle fever, which, as the hakim knows, is always more intense after sunset."

"The reason is a good reason," said Burke, replying in Hindostanee. Then, turning to the colonel, he added in English, "There can be no doubt of the rajah's fidelity. His highness has been collecting his forces."

Here Plinlimmon gave a short, dissatisfied cough.

"And has sent provisions for the regiment after the march," added the speaker, hastily, to prevent the officer of Acbar from noticing the major's incredulity; "it would be both impolitic and unjust to doubt him."

The messenger was dismissed with the thanks of Sir Charles to his master, for the timely supplies he had brought, and the assurance that his visit on the following morning would be received with pleasure.

As the wily Asiatic rode away, there was a subdued expression of triumph in his half-closed eyes, and a sinister smile upon his lips.

"I have no faith in the rajah or his promises," observed the major, in a very decided tone, as the messenger disappeared.

"Nor I," said the doctor, calmly.

The two officers regarded him with surprise.

"But that is no reason why we should tell him so," continued the speaker; "the fellow who has left us evidently understood English. I watched the expression of his countenance, his ill-concealed anxiety when the colonel asked if I thought his master might be trusted."

"Burke," exclaimed his commander, "you would have made an admirable diplomat; you deceived even me."

Whilst the quarters of the men were being arranged for the night, *Sir Charles Fourreau alighted for a few minutes* at the house of the collector, which had been taken possession of for head-quarters. Lady Bell and Lillian both met him with a cheerful smile, but he could see that it was forced. For several days they had made it a rule not to ask any questions, for fear that the answers might be painful ones.

The doctor's wife, on the contrary, not feeling called upon to exercise such abnegation of the privileges of her sex, assailed him with a shower of questions, which, each time the gentleman hesitated, she interpreted in her own peculiar way. She was a short, wiry woman, well calculated either for exertion or endurance, with a determined but not unfeminine expression of face. Her campaign with the Sikhs had given a military tone to her conversation, both original and amusing.

"Well, colonel," she exclaimed, "the rajah has sent provisions."

"Yes."

"Is he coming himself?"

"In the morning."

The dark eyes of the lady flashed with sudden intelligence. Fixing them with a peculiar expression upon the speaker, she observed, in a quiet tone, "That she trusted the 01st would be prepared to give him a fitting reception."

"Of course we shall do our best," replied the commander, in a careless tone, not to alarm his wife and Lillian; "but we have scant means of ceremony here."

"Sorry for it," muttered Mrs. Burke, drily; "especially as his highness may arrive sooner than you expect, and take you unawares. I shall be ready," she added, and at the same time opening a small valise and taking from it a pair of exquisitely finished pistols, which she coolly examined before proceeding to load them.

The colonel perceived the effect which the appearance of the weapons, and still more the manner of the speaker, produced upon Lady Bell, and made her a sign to desist; but the quick eye of his wife detected it.

"O Charles," she exclaimed, reproachfully, and at the same time throwing herself into his arms; "am I no longer worthy of your confidence?"

"Of all that man ever bestowed on woman," replied her husband, embracing her affectionately.

"Why don't you tell her, then?" said Mrs. Burke, at the same time snapping the lock of one of her weapons; "suspense is worse than certainty. She can bear it, and Lillian, too. You know their affection and goodness, but not their strength; men seldom do. It was years," she added, snapping the pistol a second time, "before Burke found out mine, but he knows it by this time."

Despite their anxiety, which dominated every other feeling, her hearers could not refrain from smiling.

"That is right!" cried the good-humored creature. "Glad to see you smile again. Look in her eyes, Sir Charles, and then ask yourself if Lady Bell has not courage."

"I never doubted it," replied the baronet; "but why try it by an unnecessary alarm?"

"When campaigning, always keep your force on the alert," said the little Amazon, as she rammed a bullet into one of her weapons.

"Bell," said her husband, "I will no longer conceal from you that the conduct of the rajah is suspicious."

"I should think it was!"

"His promise to visit me in the morning, most probably, is intended to throw me off my guard."

"A child might see through it."

"And the desertion of the village," continued the baronet, "by the native police magistrate and collector, is a still more unfavorable sign."

"Exactly what I said."

We scarcely need inform our readers that the commentaries upon the statements of Sir Charles Fourreau, proceeded from the doctor's wife.

"In short," continued the commander of the 01st, "there is a possibility—nay, more, a probability of our being attacked; but fear not," he added, tenderly, "there is not a man in the regiment that would not die for you."

"Or woman either," said Mrs. Burke.

"I have not the slightest dread of ever falling *alive* into the hands of the barbarians," observed Lady Bell, with a calm smile.

In the midst of the danger which threatened her benefactress, Lillian found one consolation—Richard was not with them to share it; he, at least, was safe at Calcutta. Hers was no selfish love, but one of those pure disinterested affections which hallow the heart of woman, even as an angel's presence consecrates the shrine in which it dwells.

Fred Wharton now made his appearance. During the latter part of the march, when the peril became daily more imminent, he had ridden, as frequently as his regimental duty would permit, by the side of the carriage which conveyed the wife of his commander and her adopted child. There had been no ostentatious parade of protection, but that unobtrusive, brother-like care, which proved the deep interest he felt in their safety. No wonder, therefore, that the feeling of confidence had gradually strengthened between them, and that he was warmly welcomed both by Lady Bell and our heroine.

"By-the-by, colonel," he exclaimed, as if he had but just recollected the cause of his visit, "the major has been inquiring for you: he wishes to consult you respecting the disposition of the men."

"I thought we had arranged it," said Sir Charles, slightly annoyed at being obliged to quit his wife and Lillian.

A glance from his subaltern informed him that his presence was desired for other reasons than the one stated, and he rose to depart.

"Plinlimmon," he added, "is so sensitive on the subject of military etiquette, as if I were jealous of my authority."

With this observation he quitted the room, promising to return in a few minutes, instead of which nearly an hour elapsed before he rejoined those who were so dear to him.

No sooner had he left them, than Lady Bell motioned to her visitor to take a seat beside herself and her *protege*.

"I am glad my husband has quitted us," said the wife of his commander, "for I have long wished to speak with you."

"With me?" repeated the cornet, with surprise.

"And to demand—nay, if necessary, entreat—a service from you."

"Is it possible," exclaimed the young officer, "that it lies in my power to be of use to you? I need not say with what pleasure I shall obey your slightest wish."

"You promise me?"

"Yes."

"On your word as a soldier and a gentleman?" demanded her ladyship, at the same time fixing her eyes searchingly upon his.

A pause of several instants succeeded, during which the speakers remained gazing upon each other: the cornet endeavoring to read in the expression of the fair suppliant's features the nature of the request, which he trembled to divine; the high-born Englishwoman to note if his courage or resolution were likely to fail him—*for it was no common task she was about to impose.*

"A few minutes since," said the officer, "I should have given the pledge you demand unhesitatingly; but now, I—I must first hear your request before I bind myself by so solemn a promise."

"I leave it to your honor to judge of its propriety," urged Lady Bell.

Wharton turned fearfully pale, and the drops of perspiration which gathered on his brow bore witness to the agony he endured.

"I must hear it first," he repeated.

"You shall, then, since you insist upon it," replied her ladyship, calmly. "I have long since marked you as one capable of great, if not heroic deeds. I speak not of the strife of war—most men are brave; it is the moral courage I have remarked in you that prompts my prayer, which you are too good, too generous to refuse. Had you a wife, or a sister, or the being you loved, with the regiment, would you permit her to fall a living victim in the hands of those who sport with woman's agony and woman's shame? Answer me, Wharton. What would be the last proof of your affection under such circumstances?"

"Spare me!" groaned the young man; "spare me!"

"You would preserve her honor at the expense of her life," continued Lady Bell; "send her unpolluted to the throne of Him who judges alike the motive and the risk; I am sure you would. Hear my request. Should my husband fall, and numbers prevail against our slender force, promise me, Wharton, that neither Lillian nor myself shall become the scorn of our heathen enemy."

"What is it you demand—a murder?"

"No, a sacrifice," replied Lillian, in accents so soft and gentle that they fell like a seraph's prayer upon his ear.

"And break the heart of the true friend that loves me?" exclaimed the officer. "Impossible! It is too horrible. Nature revolts at the bare contemplation of such a deed. Tyrrell would curse me—hate me for a——"

"He would bless you," interrupted the orphan; "bless the firm hand and the true heart that spared him the pang of years, the life of agony, the recollection of a wrong to her he loved my cheek would burn to name. I have a claim, Wharton, a sister's claim to your protection—to shield me from dishonor; for are not you and Richard brothers in heart though not in blood?"

For several minutes the young cornet remained buried in the deepest reflection; not a word escaped him, but the quivering muscles of his face and compressed lips bore witness to the mental struggle he endured.

"Lillian," said her benefactress, in a tone so free from emotion and excitement that it rendered the resolution which animated her almost sublime, "since the friend in whom we both relied deserts us—since manhood's courage fails, a woman's arm shall shield you; child of my love, whom Providence has called me to protect and guide, rest satisfied; living, the sepoy's arms shall never clasp you."

The orphan threw herself upon the neck of the heroic woman, and mingled her thanks with tears and kisses.

Wharton could resist no longer.

"Lady," he exclaimed, and every word he uttered seemed coming from his very heart, "you have prevailed. I accept the fearful task you have assigned me. Do not speak! do not thank me!" he added, with a burst of manly sorrow, "lest the sound of your voice—the appalling horror of such a sacrifice—unnerve my resolution, and I recall my promise, canceling it in tears."

They already fell so fast as almost to choke his utterance.

"Heaven will not permit the fearful sacrifice," he murmured; "it is too just, too merciful; so good, so pure, and beautiful."

"Others as pure," observed Lady Bell, gravely, "have not been spared. You are a generous fellow, Wharton, and need not blush at what coarse minds might term weakness; such tears honor your manhood, instead of shaming it. Receive the only thanks," she added, "it may ever be in my power to bestow for the vast service you have promised me."

Without the slightest hesitation or embarrassment, her ladyship parted the clustering hair from the sunburnt brow of the young officer, and touched it with her lips. A cold shudder ran through his frame as he felt the contact; it seemed like the seal to a fatal bond—a contract with death.

Lillian followed the example of her benefactress.

"Richard will need no souvenir to guard my memory," she whispered. "Tell him that the last word my lips pronounced was his name—my last thought—save one—was of him."

"And that?"

The fair girl, with the sweetness of a martyr's resignation, gently raised her hand and pointed heavenward.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE OLD MAID.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

"Come!" said Serena, and we went out to call upon the old maid about whom I had expressed so much curiosity. She lived in a back, second story room, whose window looked directly into *our* back-room window; and ever since I had arrived at my sister's house I had been growing more and more interested in the pale and sober face that I saw bending from morning till night over the embroidery, by which the old maid seemed to earn her right to some little corner in life.

To satisfy me my sister had managed to introduce herself to the object of my interest, and to get permission to call upon her. And now we were at the door of the tall, stone dwelling which contained her. There were two bells. We did not know which was the right one; of course, therefore, we rang the wrong. A blowsy, red-faced Irish girl opened the door.

"Is Miss Bernard in?" inquired my sister.

"Sure I don't know whether she is or not," was the rude reply, and the door was shut in our faces.

We tried the other bell. This time a more agreeable face presented itself. To our inquiry for Miss Bernard the second girl replied that she was in her room, and we might walk up.

Miss Bernard sat in her usual seat by the window. As we entered she rose to receive us, and then immediately sank back to her chair, and remained for several moments perfectly silent.

I took this time to look about the *very* small apartment in which we found ourselves. It was a hall bedroom, about seven feet by ten. There was a tiny carpet on the floor, a tiny stove in one corner of the room, a little bit of oil cloth beneath the stove, and a good-sized coal-scuttle beside it. Against the door hung a brightly-flowered copperplate curtain, beneath which I was sure were the old maid's clothes, few, plain, and inexpensive. *A lounge*, which was also its owner's only bed, stood against the wall, and over it hung a little book-case filled with well-bound and some quite valuable volumes. Many small pictures and likenesses adorned the walls, also some very skillfully preserved sea-flowers. There were little cases hanging up, filled with letters, thus showing that the old maid had correspondents. More books were on the broad window-sill, and a file of papers hung over a trunk in one corner of the snuggery. Beside the window hung various curious articles—one was an Indian bead-bag. A China carved ivory fan was on the book-shelf, and on the small table was a writing-desk, paper, books, bottles, work-box, and various other articles. I looked with interest upon all that I saw. This was the extent of the home territory of the pale woman before me. I now looked more closely at her. She must have been about forty years of age. White as paper, thin, almost as a shadow, and with a strangely startled expression in her eyes whenever you addressed her, there was still about her some attraction which drew me with a force not to be resisted.

I felt a determination to know all about her, and to be her chosen and true friend and comforter, for a comforter I knew she sorely needed. Her hair, which had been auburn, was now very gray; her eyes, which had been black and bright, were now dimmed and faded. Oh! poor lone woman, shut like a dormouse in that narrow room, I resolved that she should *not* any longer feel so forsaken and sad as I was sure she did feel. I'd draw her out by my natural and peculiar gift—audacity.

"We've come here on purpose to meddle with what is none of our business. We want to know just how you live, just who you are, and all about your history. We want to see all you've got stowed away in this queer little cubby-house of a room, and we want you then to return our impudence with interest by coming over, embroidery and all, and making yourself at home at our house. Is it a bargain, dear?"

As I said "dear," I leaned a little forward, and touched her thin, cold hand. She quickly clasped mine, and as she attempted to answer me I heard her choke, and looking into her face, I saw the tears fall from her eyes.

"Oh! I have pained you—now how sorry I am!" I exclaimed.

"No, no, indeed," she returned quickly. "You have given me more pleasure than I ever expected again to feel in this world. I thank you very much, my dear young lady. You don't know how much good your visit has done me. But a shadow such as I am become should not presume to darken the house of glad-hearted and happy beings, such as you and your sister are. I am glad to have you see all that I have in my room, and tell you who I am, and how I live. My history is interesting only to myself. It would weary any one but God to listen to it. You must excuse me, then, from telling you that. My name is Harriet Bernard, and I am relationless in this wide, cold world. My daily bread I gain, as you suppose, by this work," sighing heavily as she placed the beautifully-wrought muslin in my hands, and remained gazing fixedly upon the floor, while my sister and I examined it, exclaiming in admiration of the skill with which she worked. She did not seem at all to hear our remarks, and aroused herself with a long, quivering sigh, when we returned the muslin to her.

It was in vain that we endeavored to obtain from her any promise that she would return our call, but she warmly, and with very ardent sincerity, urged us, particularly me, to repeat our visit, and to come "every day," if possible and agreeable.

We went home with our interest in Miss Bernard greatly increased. My sister's household cares confined her considerably, but as for me, I was at liberty to come and go when and where I would; and I took advantage of the old maid's invitation, and was over to see her almost every day. My visits did her good. I could see it very distinctly. Her face and eyes would light up with pleasure and animation whenever I entered, and in a short time the absent and depressed manner wore almost entirely away. Harriet, as she requested me to call her, was quite a talker when you once became acquainted with her; and her conversation proved her to be possessed of more than ordinary intelligence and refinement. There was also a very pleasant vein of humor running through much of her discourse. Altogether, I found my pale and sad old maid to be a most entertaining as well as a most interesting companion. She was good and sweet, and her gifts were by no means to be despised. I thought, could I hope to be such a one as she, I would not mind being an old maid myself.

But *how came Harriet* to be one? This question my sister and I repeatedly asked each other. A woman of her sort could never have lacked lovers. Why *was* it that she at forty years of age dwelt solitary?

In vain had been all my hints, and my invitations to Harriet to confide to me her past history. Any allusion to it invariably brought on one of her absent and depressed spells; so that, for pity's sake, I was forced to allow my curiosity to go unsatisfied. But I hoped that at some time she would voluntarily impart to me what I so ardently desired to know, particularly as it was none of my business.

As we discovered that the table set by the people with whom Harriet boarded was one which was very far from pampering her delicate appetite, my sister and I took great pleasure in preparing nice little treats to carry slyly over to her. It would not have done to have been discovered by the people in the house, so we purchased a tin box with a lock upon it, and that served as Harriet's larder. How delighted I was to see how the dear soul relished the little luxuries that I used to carry to her room.

She suffered many annoyances and considerable loss (of clothing) from the people of the house, but, as she said, they were people who meant well, and were always kind to her when she was sick, and she did not know that she should improve her condition by any change that she could make.

"Oh! Harriet, come over and live with us, will you not! My sister would be delighted to have you live with her always. I know she would. I heard her tell her husband so this very day. The house that they reside in is their own; and, though not wealthy, they are not so poor as to make you feel that you must pay for every extra drop of cold water that you use. There is a cunning little room just off the hall, that I am sure you could have as well as not, a front room, too, so that you could see out to the street once in a while if you should choose to look. Now, Harriet, you shall just pull up stakes here, and I will help you move over to my sister's, and *what* a joyful time of it we will have then!"

But Harriet was not so fast. She at first flatly refused even to think of such a thing. I did not urge her so much as I intended to do after talking with my sister. But the next day I returned to the charge, with Serena for backer. It was raining furiously; but we both went over to see our protege, carrying as usual "a morsel to comfort her heart."

"Now you see the trouble you make for us by boarding here," I said, after my sister had warmly seconded my proposal.

"Here we shall have to come, through summer's heat and winter's cold, to minister to your enjoyment; for you needn't think for a moment that we are ever going to leave you to starve upon the husks provided by the people of this establishment. You can see then, at once, how much for *our* benefit it would be to have you beneath our own roof; and if you have any sparks of generosity in your nature, or any consideration for your friend's convenience and comfort, you will not utter one other word of objection to our plan."

Pressed thus, Harriet yielded so far as to say that if we still desired it she would move into the pleasant room which my sister offered to her, for a much less consideration than that cost which she now occupied, when her month with her present landlady should expire. We had drawn such a glowing picture of the comfort that she was to take in her new quarters that Harriet's pale cheeks were actually tinged with rose-color. She did look lovely in my eyes.

"Now you know that you are glad we've overcome you. Speak it out, my dear, and let's have the fun of it," I said, in my usual thoughtless way.

"I can never be glad enough or thankful enough that God has given to my last days such dear, kind, generous friends," she said, earnestly. "But I am afraid that I shall incommode you, or that you will need that dear, pleasant room many times after you get me into it. My stupid and often very heavy-hearted company will be no compensation to you for your kindness, though you would have me believe so."

"No such thing, Harriet, your money is to pay your board. You are to be under no obligation, not even, to be agreeable when you don't feel like it. You may stay in your room all the time if it suits you best. You may cry in peace just as much as you please. You may, or you *must*, do just exactly as you like, or we won't have you in the house, will we, sister?"

So the matter was settled. My sister and I took infinite comfort in thinking how much like a real home we would make our house for the lonely woman.

"Living so long subject to all manner of discomforts, and with no one to make of or love her, who can wonder at her despondency? Why, I should have died long ago, had it been I. It is not good for anybody to live alone," said my kindly sister.

It wanted a week of Harriet's moving time. I ran over one forenoon to see her a few minutes. I had on new boots that made about as much noise as a man's, and before I had fairly reached the top of the stairs, Harriet had opened her door, and stepped out to meet me. I saw that her manner was considerably excited, and also that she did not seem so well pleased as was usual when she saw me. But I made no remark upon the subject. After a few minutes, observing that she appeared very nervous and uneasy, I asked her if she was not well. She said that she was afraid a nervous headache was coming upon her, but that if she could only get to sleep, she might possibly escape it. "But I can't get asleep," she added, as I started to go.

"Yes, you can, if you shut up here, and have it dark and still. I'll go right away, and you must lie down and rest."

She followed me to the door and shook hands. Her hand was cold as clay. At dusk I again ran over to see my friend. As I ascended the stairs leading to her room, I met a gentleman of fifty-five or sixty years of age coming rapidly down. His hat and a gold-headed cane were in his hand. His hair and his beard, curly and abundant, were nearly white. His form and features were fine, and he would have been a very handsome old man had it not been for the steely look in his eyes, and for the settled hardness upon his features. He glanced hastily at me as he passed, partially bowed, and was gone.

Wondering who he was, and whether he had been to see Harriet, I reached her door and knocked. No quick opening, no pleased "come in." All was silent—yet, no, there were sounds within. Surprised I opened the door.

What a sight met my eyes! Harriet lying convulsed upon the floor, the blood flowing from her mouth, and her eyes glaring as if in insanity or death.

I screamed terribly, and all the people of the house came rushing to the spot.

"Go for my sister, No. — E—— street," I said.

In a few minutes, Serena was there. A physician was called—all, everything that could have benefitted, was done for poor Harriet, but without success, save to restore her to quietness before she died. She never spoke to one of us, but her expressive looks we can never forget. She clung with her cold hands to ours to the last, losing her clasp only when death had deprived her of all strength longer to cling. As we found by her letters that there were no nearer friends than ourselves to exercise the right, we took our poor friend's body and all her little property away to our own home. Her clothing, and books, and pictures we gave (except a few keepsakes) to such needy yet worthy people as we felt would not be ungrateful for the gifts or careless of them. Among her papers we found a voluminous journal, which we kept sacred as the very heart of the dead. There, with streaming tears, and also with hot hearts of indignation, we read of the martyr life poor Harriet had led. The woman at whose house she died told us that she heard distinctly what passed between Harriet and her visitor as they parted.

"Oh!" said the voice of the former, as the door was partially opened, "oh! pray with me before you go, for I feel that I am dying. I can bear no more, no longer—this is *the end*. Oh! pray—oh! pray. Do not leave me so."

"I must! I must! I will try to come again, soon. *Don't* cling so to me when I open this door. There! there! let me go. Don't behave as if you were losing your reason."

There was a groan, a rustling of garments, a slight jar, and then the stranger came out, looking rather pale and discomposed. Just then I entered.

"We can't imagine who the gentleman could have been," said the woman; "he never came to see her before."

Harriet's journal tells clearly who and what the stranger was; and there is *one* palace not far hence which would contain quaking hearts if what is now known to my sister and me were known *there*. But with a few extracts, which reveal no names, this story, sad as true, and true as sad, shall close:

"Oh! Angus, Angus, have you *no* pity on one whose young years you blighted? Will you never, never fulfill your promise to me? Must I bear on, year after year, this ceaseless pain and longing? Not one thing that you caused me to expect have I ever realized. Your love has been bitter to me as the water of death, yet I cannot free myself from the chains you wove around me in those early years. Oh, my weary heart, when shall I be at rest!"

Rest has found thee at last, thou poor sufferer! In thy narrow grave thou sleepest more serenely than thy murderer can ever again sleep upon his downy bed. His sins will find him out, and there is no mercy for the merciless.

A MELANCHOLY TRUTH.

When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gath around him in order to restore him to the path virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upo.. him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor, confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed; there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has but few loving, helping hands for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. There are earthly moralities unknown to heaven. There is a deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

GETTING NATURALIZED.

A Dutch grocer's wife up town, who patronizes dentists and barbers, or, in other words, who wears artificial teeth and hair, was engaged in familiar chat with an Irish customer the other day, when she asked, "Have you cot naturalized yet?"

"How the Dickens could I see to work and make out my way if I had'nt?" was the indignant answer. "Natural eyes, indeed! To be sure I have, an' always had, an' more than that I have natural hair an' teeth, too."

ADVICE GRATIS.

Every man ought to pay his debts, if he can. Every man ought to help his neighbor, if he can. Every man ought to get married, if he can. Every man should do his work to suit his customers, if he can. Every wife should please her husband, if she can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue, if she can. Every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth, if he can. Every man ought to mind his own business and let other people's alone, if he can.

IGNORANCE AND DIRT.—Ignorance takes to dirt as naturally as it does to ugliness. In proof of this, we would mention that a dealer in ashes informed us that the opening of a public school in a Ward increases the sale of "yaller soap" twenty-five per cent. From this it will be seen that the more people read, and the more they think, the more frequently they indulge in wash basins and clean towels.

CHILDHOOD.—Oh, childhood! how pleasant are thy day-dreams! how pure, how delightful thy enjoyments! We look back upon thee with pleasure, for our happiest hours are associated with thee; and yet we sometimes sigh, while memory busily retrospects the past, because those peaceful hours have fled forever.

"MOTHER, I shouldn't be surprised if our Susan gets choked some day."

"Why, my son?"

"Because her beau twisted his arms around her neck the other night, and if she had not kissed him to let her go, he would have strangled her."

MIRTH should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

LISTENING FOR LOVED FOOTSTEPS.

BY KITTY A.

I sit in the shade of the maple grove,
Watching and waiting for him I love;
Waiting and watching the hours away,
Wondering sadly at his delay.
I sit me down by the haunted spring,
And a song to hasten his steps I sing;
But I know that my singing is all unheard,
And my heart grows sick with its hope deferred.
My breast keeps swelling with lonely sighs,
And my heart looks out from my straining eyes;
Thro' the livelong day till the evening dim
I've listened, and waited, and watched for him—
My tears fall fast on the flowery grass—
Oh! that this sorrow and fear *might* pass!
Hark! 'tis a footstep methinks I hear;
Look! *'tis* the form of my lover near;
Darkness, and sorrow, and weeping flee,
Since my beloved is true to me.

THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

During the prevalence of the cholera in 1849, a small party of us were one evening sitting together, discussing the all-absorbing topic of the day. One advanced the idea—not a new one, however—that he believed cases arose, and progressed rapidly to a fatal termination, resulting simply from the emotion of fear, acting on a nervous organization. This was denied by a second, who contended that the idea was a fallacy, having its origin in certain brains which were more imaginative than scientific. His position was in turn denied by a third, a gentleman of high scholastic attainments, who had in his day been a traveler over a great portion of the habitable globe, and a resident at different times of several foreign cities of note. In the course of his remarks, he cited several cases which had come under his own notice, where he had reason to believe that the mind had so acted upon the body as to produce serious and even fatal results—the manifestations of the different symptoms of each being in accordance with the idea which was supposed to induce them.

"One of the most remarkable of these," he said, "and which may be cited most directly in illustration of my argument, happened while I was a resident of Paris; and if you are in the mood to listen, I will give you the story."

We all signified our interest in his forthcoming narration, and he accordingly proceeded.

"Some years ago," he resumed, "I occupied rooms in the most pleasant quarter of Paris, and had for companions two men of directly opposite temperament. One of these was a small, delicately-formed, light-haired Englishman, of rather retiring, unobtrusive, and superstitious nature; and the other a fine, manly-looking Spaniard—tall, graceful, of a very dark complexion, with black hair and eyes, and possessing what might be termed a strong and mathematical turn of mind—a firm believer in demonstrable facts, but a total skeptic concerning anything mysterious and incomprehensible—anything, in fact, for which a rational cause could not be assigned. Henry Russel, the Englishman, believed in everything of a marvelous nature; but Juan Salvator, the Spaniard, believed in nothing he could not demonstrate. The former would often introduce old legends and superstitions, and narrate them with all the earnestness of facts; and the latter would make sport of his credulity, and attempt to reason him out of what he termed his insane folly. They were warm friends, notwithstanding; but sometimes, in the course of their discussions, both would get excited; and I, who was more generally listener than debater, would be appealed to to decide the point; which I generally did by taking a neutral ground, or something between the two, and endeavoring to make each satisfied with himself and his argument, without deciding in favor of either.

"About this time the gossiping portion of Paris became not a little exercised concerning a foreign astrologer, who had domiciled himself in the heart of the city, and had made, it was said, several wonderful predictions, some of which had been strangely verified. Being a matter much talked of outside of our circle, it naturally came up for discussion between the Englishman and the Spaniard; the former of course assuming that unto certain men was given the power of revealing the future, and citing various instances of both ancient and modern times to sustain his hypothesis; and the latter denying—if such were really facts, which he doubted—that they were anything more than mere chance coincidences, each verification being selected from a thousand failures, and bruited abroad by just such credulous persons as his friend Russel, or by designing men for a selfish or sinister purpose.

"'I boldly deny,' he said, 'that any man has, or ever had, the power of prophecy—of stating any future fact with certainty, not based upon present causes already in action! For instance, I admit, that when a man is known to be dying, it may be positively asserted by his scientific physician that he cannot recover—that he may not live a week, a day, or even an hour—but I deny that the precise moment of his decease can be foretold!'

"'And I claim,' returned Russel, 'that all causes of all future events are present with the Almighty—that they are written in his Great Book of Nature—and that it is only necessary for mortals to read and interpret aright that Book of Nature, to arrive at a definite and infallible conclusion!'

"'You might as well tell me,' rejoined Salvator, 'that a man could point out the gold veins in the mountain, *if he saw them;* and I claim that it is just as easy for him to see them, or to see the bed of the unfathomable ocean, as it is for him to read and interpret the Great Book of Nature, as you call it; so that your conclusions, being drawn from false premises, are utterly worthless.'

"This discussion was kept up more or less for several days; during which time I was, as usual, frequently appealed to for my opinion; till finally I proposed, as a means of getting rid of the subject, or at least of changing the monotonous round of argument, that we should pay a visit to the astrologer, and hear what he had to say for himself. To this both agreed; and the next morning, at an early hour, we found ourselves in his august presence.

"Of what country he was a native, I do not know. He was a man of middle hight, with very dark complexion, and features in no way remarkable, except for a certain classic severity of expression, as one who had studied deeply and thought deeply in ascetic seclusion. He was dressed in black, and the apartment in which he received us was richly furnished—the latter, with the exception perhaps of being of a rather heavy and gloomy cast, differing not materially from the reception-room of a gentleman of leisure. There was nothing about either the man or his apartment tending in any degree to fantastic trickery, for the mere purpose of awing, or deeply impressing, a vulgar mind; all was rich, substantial, quiet, but sombre; and Professor Fontinelli, as he styled himself, received us with the dignified courtesy of a well-bred gentleman.

"'We have come, sir, to have our fortunes told,' said Mr. Russel, with a modest air, thus opening the conversation and declaring our business at the same time.

"'With one exception,' said I, 'which is myself. I have no desire to know the future any faster than it comes.'

"'And I,' rejoined Salvator, 'bringing with me that skeptical mind which does not believe it can be told any faster than it comes.'

"'It is perfectly immaterial to me,' replied the astrologer, 'whether you believe or not. If I tell you a truth, you can, when you discover it to be a truth, do me the justice to say it was a truth I told you; if I tell you a falsehood, you can, when you discover it to be a falsehood, say it was a falsehood, and pronounce me an impostor.'

"'Well, that is fair, at all events!' laughed the Spaniard; 'the only thing I fear being, that I may some time or other be in a condition to apply a truthful epithet, which would not sound very pleasant to your ear just now.'

"Fontinelli darted at the speaker a keen, searching glance; and, after a moment of silence, rejoined, with most impressive solemnity:

"'And I only fear, young man, that you will never have occasion to gainsay my words! Are you ready for putting me to the test?'

"'Perfectly, sir!' answered the Spaniard; 'but I believe my friend here is the most anxious, and the first privilege shall be his, unless you proceed with both together, which I suppose is not according to rule!'

"'One at a time,' said the Professor; and turning to the Englishman, he requested him to enter the room adjoining. Russel arose, but with some little trepidation, which brought a smile to the features of the unbelieving Salvator, and accompanied the astrologer into his private apartment. He was absent something like an hour, during which time the Spaniard kept up a running fire of raillery, sometimes imitating the air and manner of the astrologer, and taking a very ludicrous view of the whole affair. When the Englishman at length came forth, we perceived that his features were somewhat paler—though, on the whole, he seemed very well satisfied with what he had heard, every word of which he believed to be as true as the prophecies and gospels he so often quoted.

"'Well, what wonderful things did he tell you?' inquired Salvator, with a quizzical expression of countenance. 'Did he tell you you were a small man, with light hair, and a wonderfully believing mind? one that could swallow a ghost story as easily as a mathematician could solve a problem?'

"'It is your turn now,' replied Russel, somewhat curtly; 'and so suppose you go and see for yourself!'

"'I should like to wager a basket of wine with you,' returned the Spaniard, as he rose and advanced toward the door, 'that for every fact he will give me nine falsehoods, as exceptions to the rule upon which his wisdom is founded!'

"During the absence of Salvator, Russel gave me a description of the solemn chamber of fate, with its crimson arras, hieroglyphic table, and silver lamp, which threw its light upon the stern, ascetic features of the great astrologer, as he bent over his horoscope, and calculated with mathematical precision the movements of the planets which were to determine the great events of his life, and the order of their occurrence. He then went on to state one after another of the wise prognostications of the star reader, and was thus engaged when the Spaniard re-appeared, his lip curling with a sneer. To our inquiries as to what he had gathered of wisdom, he replied with an expression of contempt.

"Bah! it is but time wasted and money thrown away! Come, let us beat a retreat from these sage quarters, and I will tell you the wonders as I go along!'

"A servant politely showed us to the door, but the astrologer did not again make his appearance. On our way back to our lodgings, the Spaniard entertained us with a ludicrous picture of the gravity with which the man of science had taken down the hour of his birth and proceeded with his calculations, and how, when he had finished, he had very gravely and solemnly told him that he had better not seek to know anything of the future, but rest content with the fact that he was not long for this world.

"'I insisted,' pursued the narrator, 'upon knowing the day and the hour when I should leave the transitory things of time; and after some seeming reluctance, he gave me the exact date, which here you have;' and handing me a card on which the year, month, day and hour was penciled by his own hand, he burst into a loud, contemptuous laugh, and declared that that was all he had received for his time, patience and money.

"I joined him in his laugh, looking upon the whole affair as a kind of foolish pastime; but Russel became very grave, and chided us both for making light of so serious a matter.

"Three months passed away, and except for the first two or three days, nothing more was said on the subject of the astrologer and his predictions—Russel, for some reason, refraining from bringing it up, and Salvator holding it too much in contempt to waste a word upon it.

"About this time we all became separated—the Englishman returning home, the Spaniard going to Cadiz, and myself to Rome.

"After an absence of a little more than two months, I returned to Paris, and took lodgings in a different part of the city. I did not suppose that either of my friends were then in the gay capital; but on walking out the second day, who should I meet, near the Pont Royal, but my old friend, Juan Salvator, so changed that I scarcely knew him.

"He had fallen away much in person; his features had become thin, sallow and haggard; his eye bright, intense, but wandering, with an expression that seemed to be tending toward insanity, while his somewhat long, disheveled hair, and careless, almost slovenly mode of dressing, showed that he was no longer governed by that pride of external appearance which had once marked him as the gentleman of fashion.

"'Good heavens!' exclaimed I, grasping his hand, which I discovered to be feverish and nervous; 'is it possible that in you I behold Juan Salvator! What is the matter, my friend? are you ill? Nay, you must be! or else some great trouble is preying upon your mind!'

"'Ill?' he returned, with a fiery glance, as he fixed his black eyes upon mine; 'who says I am ill? No! no! I am well—very well—and happy to meet you! When did you return from Rome?'

"'I arrived in the city yesterday, but did not dream of meeting you.'

"'I have been returned a week,' he replied; 'some unexpected business brought me back sooner than I intended.'

"'Are you in any difficulty?' I inquired.

"'No!' he replied; 'no! Why, am I indeed so changed?'

"I saw that the idea of his being changed irritated him, and I turned the conversation. He spoke of many things which had happened during his absence, referred to the pleasant hours we had spent together, and inquired if I had heard from Russel since his departure; but I noticed through all that there was a certain wandering of his mind, a peculiar and unpleasant abstraction, a sort of nervous wildness and uneasiness, that gave me not a little anxiety for the state of his health, and rendered his company far less agreeable than it had formerly been. We exchanged addresses, and I made an appointment for him to meet me on the following day; and on parting, I advised him to consult a physician, though I fancied he considered my advice somewhat obtrusive, and did not take it in a kindly spirit.

"From that time, for a couple of weeks, I generally met him once or twice during the twenty-four hours; but I observed, with considerable alarm, that every day the change in him was for the worse instead of the better. He positively refused to see a physician, however; and always declared, when I brought up the subject of his health, that there was nothing the matter with him; and as I found this annoyed him without producing any good result, I finally stopped mentioning the matter altogether.

"Suddenly he ceased calling upon me; and on going to his lodgings, I learned that he had hastily packed up his things and departed; but whether from the city, or to a different part of it, I could not ascertain.

"I reflected much upon the great change I had seen in him, and racked my brain to divine the cause, but without avail. That it arose from some great mental disturbance, I believed; and sometimes I thought it must be the loss of property, or else a disappointment in love, or else grief for some near and dear friend. I had much the appearance of remorse; but I could not bring myself to think him guilty of a crime—for his, in the better days of our acquaintance, had always seemed a high and noble nature.

"Thus matters passed on for some eight or ten days; and I was making preparations to leave Paris for London, not thinking it probable that I should ever meet him again, when one morning a note was brought to my apartment, written in a nervous, trembling hand, requesting me, by all I held sacred, to visit my old friend, Juan Salvator, that afternoon, at precisely three o'clock.

"Wondering and astonished, the hour saw me at the place designated; and on entering the chamber of the Spaniard, I found him lying upon the bed, in a darkened room, emaciate and ghastly, and scarcely able to speak above his breath. As he reached out his thin, trembling hand and took mine, he pointed to a package of papers on a near table, requested me to execute his last wishes, and then solemnly bade me farewell.

"'Good heavens!' exclaimed I; 'what does this mean? You are surely not dying?'

"'Yes!' he replied, faintly 'yes—it is even so—my last hour has come! I cannot survive! All the physicians in the world could not save me! Farewell, my dear friend farewell! and remember my instructions!'

"Saying this, he partially raised himself in bed, waved his hand feebly toward the package, *and fell back a corpse!*

"I turned and looked at the package for the first time, and to my astonishment perceived the same card upon the top of it on which he had penciled the predictions of the astrologer. The clew to the whole mystery seemed thus to be gained—for till that moment the whole matter had been buried in my memory since the last discussion between him and the Englishman. I quickly seized the card and re-read it. It was as follows:

"'*Juan Salvator is to die on the 16th of September, at three and a quarter, P. M.*, 18—.'

"'Ha!' exclaimed I, with a sudden start, 'this is the 16th of September!' I drew my watch with a nervous hand. It was exactly sixteen minutes past three o'clock! 'Herethen,' mused I, 'is a solution of the mystery! This man was the victim of fear!'

"This hypothesis was subsequently proved by a perusal of the papers already referred to. From them I learned that one or two slight events had first seriously called his attention to the prediction; that the thought of it had gradually gained upon him; that he had brooded over it in solitude, his pride rebelling at having a confidant; that gradually his skepticism had been shaken—had given way to uncertainty, uncertainty to doubt, doubt to anxiety, anxiety to fear, and fear to certainty of the result—the whole acting upon his entire nervous system, relaxing it in proportion to the concentration of the idea, and finally bringing death as the natural result of the intense focus of moral, mental, and spiritual concentration and physical relaxation."

LESSON OF AN EVENING.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Agreeably to an engagement made some weeks previous, I went to a neighboring town to deliver a lecture, and stopped with Mr. B. He was an old man, well into the autumn of life, and one of the most influential citizens of the place. After the lecture was over, I walked home with my host, and was introduced to his family. After conversing upon various matters of general interest, the subject of temperance came up, and Mr. B. gave me an account of the state of affairs in his town with regard to that cause.

"It is strange," he said, "how tenaciously the drinking habit clings to our people. Only think of it—a habit which produces no good—not a particle, and which produces so much vice, crime and misery. Should it be discovered, to-morrow morning, that one of our citizens had the small-pox, the whole place would be in a state of alarm before noon, and the most summary measures would be resorted to for the purpose of checking its spread. And yet we have a tippling-shop, right in our midst, in full blast, and people pass and repass as unconcernedly as though there were no danger at all. They know that our churchyard is dotted with drunkard's graves, and that some of the fairest of our youth are on the road to inevitable ruin. It is strange."

"So it is," I replied. "But," I added, "the cases, as you state them, are hardly analogous. In the case of a contagious disease people are in danger of contracting a fatal malady without any will or disposition of their own; while in the case of intemperance the victim goes deliberately into the danger. I suppose the indifference of which you speak may in a great measure result from the inclination of our people to let every man look out for himself. Many firmly believe that spirits are at times beneficial; while others, who believe they are not, are yet willing that their neighbors should have their own way."

"But," asked B., "do you suppose spirituous liquors can ever be beneficial as a beverage?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "I think they are a curse and an injury, and nothing else. But you have probably had some experience." I meant that he must have observed a great deal during his long life; but he seemed to mistake me, for he at once returned—

"Aye—I have had experience. At one time of my life I used intoxicating drinks to excess, and suffered all the natural consequences. It was a curious circumstance that finally fixed me in my purpose of total abstinence. I will tell you the story if you wish."

Of course I wished it; and he proceeded:

"My father died when I was quite young, and I was left with my mother and sister, the latter being two years older than myself. We were rather poor, and at the age of fifteen I entered a store as clerk; and thus I was enabled to do something towards my mother's support. My sister worked with her needle, and we lived very comfortably. After I had assumed my clerkship, a new set of acquaintances were formed, and I soon contracted the habit of drinking. We had social parties, and I became very fond of them. I was easily excited, and a little too prone to give way to the persuasions of others; and ere long I had become so far the victim of appetite, that I often went and drank alone. I spent my money, injured my health, darkened my reputation, and brought misery into our little home. My mother and my sister begged of me to break off the habit; and finally my employer told me he must discharge me if I did not lead a different life. I had been engaged in several drunken brawls, and more than once had been carried home in a state of utter helplessness.

"I resolved to break off the habit entirely, and gave my employer and my mother and sister a promise to that effect. I often felt the old appetite strong upon me, and more than once I came nigh breaking my pledge. One evening, about three months after my change of habit, I sat in the store alone, my employer having gone home, and left me to put things to rights and lock up. We had had a very hard day's work, and I was tired and weary, and thought how a glass or two of spirits would revive me. I sat down and pondered upon the matter, my appetite holding argument with my reason. Just then the door opened, and Harry Patten entered. He was one of my old companions—a happy, rollicking fellow, with no one to care for but himself; and I could not help but like him for all his wildness.

"'Come!' he cried, giving me a slap upon the shoulder, 'Charley Brent has got home, and we are going to have a bit of a time at Old Eph.'s. Only a little quiet sit-down, you know.'

"Charley Brent was one of our boon companions, and had been absent six months. 'Old Eph.' was the fat old host of the public inn. I wanted to see Charley very much. They would have a glorious time at the tavern, and I knew I should be warmly welcomed. And I knew, too, that they would drink and carouse; but what of that?—that was all the fun. The temptation was a strong one.

"'Will you join us?' Harry asked.

"'I must think of it,' I replied.

"'Pshaw!' he retorted. 'What's the use of thinking. I'm going down after Sam and Jerry, and shall be back in fifteen minutes; so do you lock up, and be ready, and we'll stop for you as we come along.'

"After he had gone I sat down at the desk to reflect. Ah! there's the danger, sir—there's the danger. The moment a man begins to reason with his appetite against the demands of moral duty, that moment the first and most dangerous step is taken. If he cannot say, NO! and stick to it, there is no safety for him. Appetite never wavers—it must either be ruled or it must rule. It is reason that trembles and falters and turns coward! But I sat there and argued with myself, like a fool that I was. I finally leaned back in my chair, and—resolved that I would go. I argued no more!

"Presently I heard footsteps at the door, and looked up. There stood Harry Patten, smiling and joyous.

"'Come, Bill,' he cried, 'we are all ready.'

"I put on my hat, and followed him from the store; and having locked the door, we walked away together. When we reached the tavern Harry conducted me into an upper room, where I found all my old companions assembled, with Charley Brent at the head of the table. He sprang up as I entered, and grasped me by the hand.

"'They said you wouldn't come,' he cried, 'but I told 'em they didn't know you. They couldn't make me believe that you'd give the cold shoulder to an old friend in that way. Come, boys—now for a bumper!'

"In a short time the wine began to flow freely, and joy reigned supreme. Song, and story, and hilarious mirth marked the hours as they sped on, and bottle after bottle was cracked and emptied. What happiness! I thought. How glad all seemed to be that I was there, and how marked was the attention paid me. Finally it was proposed that the cards should be brought on, and that we should have a quiet game of poker. All were agreed, and we went at it, still drinking and singing as we played. At first we confined the betting to a dollar, but we had too much wine in for any such miserable limits, and we soon carried the bets as high as we pleased. I had some five-and twenty dollars of my own, which I lost in less than an hour.

"It so happened that I had two thousand dollars belonging to my employer, which I was to carry over to Dayton early in the morning for a Mr. Kendall, who was to use it in Boston, whither he was going on the following day. I thought I would take ten dollars of this, and win back what I had lost—there could be no danger; so I broke in upon it. Ten of it went—then ten more. I drank again, and again—and then lost fifty dollars upon a single hand. All hands seemed to be reckless of consequences, and I followed in the same train. I grew more frenzied as my losses increased, and our social circle was changed into a hell of gambling demons, each seeming eager to rob his neighbor. The wine still flowed in copious draughts, and I became as eager as the rest. At times I lost, and at times I won; but I lost most. As the clock struck three I staggered up from the table without a penny! I had lost the whole two thousand dollars with which my employer had entrusted me!

"For a while I was speechless. I drank again, and then I turned to Harry Patten. He had won the money from me. I accused him of robbing me. He retorted hotly. I swore I would have the money back, or I would have his life. He laughed me to scorn, and told me I had not firmness of purpose enough to carry out such a threat. I was mad—crazy—drunk—and I struck him in the face. He seized me by the arm, but I broke from him and grasped a knife, which lay upon the table, and—stabbed him to the heart! He fell upon the floor without a groan; and when I knew that he was dead I rushed from the room. I remembered little more until I found myself in the hands of the officers, and by them I was conveyed to the jail, and locked up in a narrow, damp dungeon. I was a murderer and a thief! My mother came to see me—her gray head bowed in pain and sorrow; and when she saw her blood-stained boy she fainted away, and was carried from the cell. My sister came a few hours afterwards, with weeping and wailing, and told me that our mother was dead! Her heart was broken! Next my employer came; he gazed upon me in sadness—he said he forgave me for the wrong I had done him, and then he left me.

"I bowed my head, and pressed my manacled hands upon my brow. I groaned aloud in my agony, and called upon God to smite me from existence. Just then I heard a door open, and in a moment more a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder. With a loud cry I leaped up and gazed about me.

"'In mercy's name, what's the matter with you?' I heard a voice ask.

"I looked, and saw—Harry Patten!

"'Alive!' I whispered, seizing him by the arm.

"'Have you been dreaming, Bill? Bless me, how wild you look!' And as he thus spoke he shrank away from me.

"Dreaming? Was it possible? I rubbed my eyes, and looked about me. I was in the store—behind the desk—and I had been asleep in my chair, with my head hanging over backwards against the wall!

"'I have been dreaming,' I said, as soon as I could command my speech.

"'It must have been a hard one,' Harry returned, 'for I found you groaning as though you were just dying. But come,' he added, in a cheerful tone; 'Sam and Jerry are waiting, and we must be going. A few glasses of wine, and a song, and you'll be all right.'

"'No,' said I, 'I shall not go to-night.'

"'Pooh!—nonsense! Come along.'

"'I SHALL NOT!' was my stern response. And then I added, 'I don't want to offend you, Harry, but, in time to come, whenever or wherever I am asked to join you over the wine-cup, my answer will be the same. No power can move me from that purpose, so don't annoy me by trying.'

"My friend left me, and I locked up the store and went home, pondering as I went upon the circumstances of the evening. My dream had been a terrible one, but not a bit more terrible than the reality. How many a youth like me had been carried down, in fearful fact, just where I had been taken by a dream! It had a lasting impression upon my mind, and at once fixed me in the way of Right. When I went into my home that night, and found my mother and sister so happy and peaceful, I asked myself—'Shall I be the one to bring sorrow and shame upon these loving, faithful hearts?' And I said within myself—'NO!' And I have found no difficulty in saying 'NO' ever since.

"And now, sir, I can tell you something of the youths who formed that social circle; but not all—not all. There were nine of us who used to meet at that tavern. Two of them I persuaded to follow me into the ark. Of the rest five were married, and afterwards died drunkards. Two went away—ran off to escape creditors—and I never heard from them again. Those five fill drunkards' graves—I know that, but I do not know all the sufferings they saw in life, nor the suffering ones they left behind them. Of the secrets of their homes, and of the anguished, broken hearts of the widowed and the fatherless, I know not. I can guess—I think I can guess truly—and so can you."

Aye—and so can we all!

MEN AND WOMEN.

Women may talk of their inherent rights as much as they please, but they can't overcome nature—they may preach about the equality of the sex, but they can't overcome facts and organizations. Men and oaks were made to be twined, and women and ivy were made to twine about them. Though an equality were to be established between calico and cassimere to-morrow, it would not be a week before all the officers would be men, and all the soldiers women.

Females are perfectly willing to go ahead, provided the men go first. Set fire to a steamboat, and not a yard of dimity will budge till cassimere sets the example. So long as the men cling to the vessel, the women will cling to the men. But if the men plunge overboard, chemisettes plunge too. As we said before, reformers may prate as they may about equal rights, but can't alter the regulation of God. It is as impossible for women to cut themselves loose from men, as it is for steel dust to free itself from its attachment to a magnet.

WOMAN'S VOICE.

"The voice of woman, gentlemen," said a romantic individual, in a late argument at the club-rooms, "the voice of woman, no matter how much some of you may be inclined to sneer at the sentiment, exercises a soothing, an inspiring, a hallowing influence upon the ear of man; comforts him in affliction, encourages him in dismay, and banishes from his mind all those troubles which, when she is absent, conspire to sink him into the depths of despondency."

"Tom! you rascal," exclaimed his wife, at this instant bursting into the room, "come home, you loitering scamp, and leave these worthless fellows to themselves. O! when I get you at home, won't you catch it? Well, I guess you will!" Here Tom left the room abruptly, with his enraged spouse, evidently satisfied of the inspiring influence of the "voice of woman."

KINDNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the play-ground, and in the school-room, there is room all the time for little acts of kindness that cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver. To give up something, where giving up will prevent unhappiness—to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others—to go a little around rather than come against another—to take an ill word or a cross look quietly, rather than resent and return it; these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant sunshine secured even in the humble home among very poor people, as in families in higher stations.

THE RIGHT TO DUN.—No man should be delicate about asking for what is properly due him. If he neglects doing so, he is deficient in that spirit of independence which he should observe in all his actions. Rights are rights, and, if not granted, should be demanded. The selfish world is little inclined to give one his own, unless he have the manliness to claim it. The lack of the proper fulfillment of this principle has lost to many fortune, fame, and reputation.

GRIEVE NOT.—Be not grieved above measure for thy deceased friends. They are not dead, but have only finished that journey which it is necessary for every one of us to take. We ourselves must go to that great place of reception in which they are all assembled, and in this general rendezvous of mankind, live together in another state of being.

"AM I NOT THIS TO THEE."

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

A fairy dream that came
With evanescent light,
Across thy heart of flame
One early autumn night—
Am I not this to thee?

A pearl cast at thy feet,
And worn by thee—an hour,
Then left where wild waves beat,
The plaything of their power—
Am I not this to thee?

A lone and languid rose,
That in thy smile might bloom
But on the distance throws
Vainly its faint perfume—
Am I not this to thee?

A sad and timid star
That lured thy gaze awhile,
Now shining on afar,
Forgotten by thy smile—
Am I not this to thee?

A *half*-remembered strain
That once entranced thine ear,
Whose music thou again
Will sometimes sigh to hear—
Am I not *this* to thee?

THE RESCUE PARTY.

A RENCOUNTER WITH THE APACHES.

As you pass up from the Rio Grande, towards the far-famed Valley of Monterey, you come in sight of the first outlying range of the Sierra Madre. It is the first elevation the eye encounters, in all the long journey from the gulf coast. Its castellated peaks of porphyry and selenite, burning in the morning rays are seen from afar, and appear like torrents of molten lava, pouring from out the fleecy clouds upon their summits; while the sides and base of the mountains are clothed in a more sober robe of green and umber.

Near the base of this moutain range,—upon a narrow plain, bordered by a scattered growth of ebonas, acacia or mezquite trees, and plants of the cactus and yucca families, you come to the quiet and secluded little pueblo, or village, of Cerralvo.

Its low stone-built dwellings, covered with virgin white stucco, contrast cheerfully with the brilliant dark green of the foliage, and golden fruits of orange, pomegranate and lemon trees, among which they are nestled. Occasionally a feathery palm spreads its protecting shadow over a cluster of broad-leaved bananas—those most luxuriant of the gigantic annuals of the southern gardens.

At a distance of less than one league from Cerralvo, where the road from Monterey takes a wide circuit, to avoid a projecting spur of the mother mountain, lies the now deserted *rancheria de los ladrones*, (the Robbers' ranche.) It is a favorite stopping place for parties of travelers, on their way from the upper country, on account of the spring of sweet water, (Agua Dulce) which here gushes cool from a deep rocky basin, overshadowed by aged mezquite trees.

It was mid-day—and a party of twenty five of us,—Texan Rangers,—for it was during the late war, had just thrown ourselves from our saddles, to breathe our heated animals, and fill our canteens at the inviting fountain.

Suddenly, a wild ringing whoop, accompanied by the scattered yelling of many voices, came from a distance, echoing through the deep chapparal. At the same instant, we heard, borne along by the breeze, the rapid tread of horses flying over the stony road, and apparently approaching the ranche. In an instant, without waiting for an order, every Ranger was in his saddle, prepared for the denouement of this unexpected adventure.

"Them's d——d Injins!" exclaimed an old Ranger, named Larkin; "I reckon I know that infernal yell; I've hearn it afore; it's 'paches, boys! The devils are at their cussed tricks agin; they're driving the cowardly greasers (Mexicans) before them,—here they come!"

These words of Larkin's were scarcely uttered, when a crowd of sombreroless and panic-stricken Mexicans, came dashing, pell mell, into the ranche, and spurring their panting mustangs at the top of their speed. On seeing our little party, however, they suddenly checked their animals, and drew up among the jacals, (or huts,) shouting the wild cry of "*los Indios! los Indios!*" (the Indians! the Indians!)

In an instant we comprehended the whole affair. The Apaches had attacked Cerralvo, a portion of the inhabitants had endeavored to escape, but were closely pursued by the savages, while the main body of the rascals were that moment plundering the town.

There had always been warm blood between the Texans and these thieving Indians. Many of my brave fellows had old grudges yet unsatisfied; and now an unlooked for opportunity was presented for a fight with their old enemies. As the Apaches came on, therefore, not dreaming that others, save the flying Mexicans were abroad, I directed my men to charge them, as they came up, and give them the contents of their revolvers and six-shooting carbines.

Yelling like hungry panthers on the scent of blood, the savages to the number of a hundred, or more, came headlong, and in a confused mass, into the cross-fire range of our little party, before they suspected our presence. In fact they were almost within touching distance, when with an answering yell, we charged out upon the astonished Indians.

It was only the work of a moment. But that moment was a fearful one for them! Our revolvers and carbines, true to their objects, poured a deadly storm of leaden hail into their tawny and painted hides. Blood flowed freely; but it was only Indian blood; wounded and dying, they struggled together in the dusty road—while their riderless horses, maddened by the confused noise of yelling Indians and Rangers, the continued explosion of our arms, and smarting with wounds—trampled frantically among them, and crushed them beneath their heavy feet. It was a short, but terrible struggle—terrible while it lasted; for the slaughter—it was nothing more—was now over. Less than a dozen of the red-skins escaped upon the back track towards the town.

The blood of the Rangers was now up, and at the fighting point. They had smelt blood. The old Indian fighters among them had dismounted, and were busily engaged with their bowey knives, slashing off the right ears of the dead and dying Indians, as trophies of the fight. Old Larkin had already a long string of them, which he was carefully attaching to his saddle bow.

"There! Captain," said he, as he caught my eye, for an instant, turned upon the disgusting object, "There's something to take home to the old woman; it'll do her eyes good! She's lots more on 'em hanging in the old ranche on the Wor'lupe; and she loves to count 'em, as well as the Mexican gals do their praying beads."

I allowed the men a few moments to proceed in this—to me loathsome work, for I knew many of them had suffered bitterly, in all they loved best, by the savage warriors. They had many wrongs to avenge, and were thus gratifying the lust of revenge upon their hated enemies. They were taking *ears* in return for many a *scalp* reeking with the blood of their dearest relatives—borne off perhaps, by the same Apaches.

They worked rapidly, and soon the bloody business was completed. I then gave the order to mount.

"Now men, to the rescue!" I shouted. "We must reach yonder town, before the dogs have time to inform the band of our presence—to horse!"

In another moment, we had commenced a rapid race along the road in the direction of the fugitive Indians.

The unarmed and affrighted Mexicans, who during this brief affair had taken shelter behind the buildings of the ranche, comprehending our intention, now ventured out, and followed in our rear. Taking courage by the relief, so unexpectedly at hand, they now began to turn their thoughts towards their families and friends, who were still exposed to the murderous assaults of the savages.

We rapidly approached the pueblo, (or village,) and were already within half a mile of it, when a dense black cloud of smoke rising above the place, showed that the red devils, not content with murder and plunder only, were gratifying their savage instincts by setting the town on fire. The dry materials of the thatch-roofed jacals on the outer edge of the town, burned like straw; and the devouring element ran swiftly from house to house, till a cordon of flames encircled the more substantial buildings in the vicinity of the main plaza, or public square.

Forcing the rowels deep into the flanks of our panting horses we flew toward the burning town. Dashing through gardens, and leaping over hedges—for the streets were impassable, from the suffocating heat and smoke of the burning houses—we reached the plaza.

The Indians, who had escaped from the ranche, aware that we were pursueing on their rear, had probably taken to the chapparal, for they evidently had not yet arrived. The plaza was full of the cut-throats, who were too intent upon their work of plunder, and in securing their captives, to notice our arrival, till with a yell of vengeance, we charged amongst them.

Right and left, we struck them to the earth with our revolvers and bowey knives. The stones of the pavement were ensanguined with their crimson currents, before the astonished Indians recovered from the panic of this sudden and unexpected assault.

They were not long, however, in discovering the great disparity of our force compared with their own numbers; and rallying together, endeavored to gain possession of some of the fortified houses; and in spite of our efforts to prevent them, many succeeded in doing so.

Most of the savages were armed with lances and bows, with steel-pointed arrows; but a good number were the owners of rifles, which we soon found they knew how to use to advantage.

The parapetted roofs of the fortified houses were quickly swarming with the red rascals, who commenced pouring such a shower of arrows and rifle shots upon us in the plaza below, that we were forced to seek the cover of the opposite buildings.

Now the character of the fight had changed. Up to this time we had had it all our own way with them, and no white blood had been spilt. Now there was but the width of a narrow street between us, and we fought on more equal footing.

We had divided our little force into two parties, which occupied each a house; where from the parapets we returned the fire of the Indians to good effect. It was now that the superiority of our rapidly discharging revolver pistols and carbines told upon the redskins. With these each Ranger was more than equal in shots to a dozen of the Indians, and the house-tops where they had gathered, soon became slippery with their blood.

Larkin was in his glory. He had taken a position on a corner of the flat roof, from whence he could command two of the opposite house tops, and was pouring his shots in rapid succession among the enemy.

Suddenly as he glanced his eye along his gleaming tube to draw bead upon a tall youth among the Indians, his carbine fell with a heavy rattle upon the roof, at his feet.

Fearful that the brave old Ranger was wounded, I hastened to him, and inquired if he was hurt.

"No, no! Captain, never fear for me. But look! do you see that young feller, yonder—him with the brown scalp-lock and green feathers? Well, I'd drawn a first rate sight on that chap; but as my finger was about to press the trigger, our eyes met! Captain, *I've seen them same eyes afore, I'm sartin!*—and 'twa'nt in my heart to shoot him. The strength of my hands kind o' give out, and my gun fell from them. I ha'nt time now sir, to tell you why, but I hope the boys will spare that chap."

I looked in the direction the old nan pointed, and saw a slender, handsome young Indian, who disdaining to stoop behind the cover of the parapet stood boldly up, seemingly aware that we were speaking of him.

As the youth stood thus, with his manly form drawn up to his fullest hight, and his right hand resting upon the muzzle of his long rifle, the wind blew aside his fringed leathern hunting shirt, and exposed beneath its folds—not the tawney skin of the wild Indian, but the fair, soft complexion of the white man.

Larkin was gazing earnestly upon him, at that instant, and as the breeze lifted his shirt, the Ranger's quick eye caught the sight.

"My God!" cried out the old man, "if it *should be him!*" then placing the two first fingers of his left hand to his mouth, and pressing them upon the point of his tongue, he blew out a long, shrill, quavering whistle, like the sharp signal of a locomotive.

The young warrior started as if he had been shot—his rifle fell from his hand, and staggering towards the parapet, he clung to it for support. For a moment, he gazed wildly across the narrow street; then repeating the motions of the old man, he made the air ring again, with the same wild, shrill notes.

"*It is! Oh, God! it is my son! my son!*" and the old Ranger fell to the roof insensible.

* * * * *

The beams of the rising sun were kindling the peaks of the mountain. The Apaches were leagues away. The captive women and children had been restored to their families, and friends—those who survived. The Mexicans who had been murdered, and the Indians who had fallen in the assault, and during the fight, had been buried out of sight; but there still remained upon the house tops, and on the plaza, the sanguinary marks of a desperate struggle. Still the smoldering ruins of dwellings told that the savages had but recently been there; and left their bloody sign-manual upon the place.

An hour later, a party of Rangers, now numbering one more, than when we first saw them at the spring of *Agua Dulce*—for it was the same band—were riding slowly out of the town, accompanied with the warm blessings and adieus of the entire population.

The old Ranger of the "Wor'lupe" brought up the rear; but he rode not alone. He was accompanied by a handsome young warrior, beneath whose Apache dress, as the morning breeze moved it aside, might be seen the fair skin of the white man. As they rode side by side together, the old man laid his hand lovingly upon the shoulder of the youth, and called him—"son!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. Smith.—We do not remember receiving the communications to which you refer. They may have come to the office, however, and been passed by. It is impossible for us to answer all the communications we receive, or to keep in our memory the names of our correspondents. We sometimes receive over four hundred letters a day, so you can easily estimate the time and trouble of looking them over, and the utter impossibility of replying to them all, or even to a *quarter of them*. We do the best for our correspondents that our time and the space allotted to this department in the Ledger will allow, and we hope that those whose *own* letters are not particularly answered will be content with the reply to someone else, whose question touched upon the same subject inquired about by them. It often happens that a score, or even fifty, persons will ask substantially the same question, and of course we cannot reply to it in a score or fifty different "answers." That would be tiresome to us and our readers, and a foolish waste of space. So we must make *one* "answer" do for all who inquire about the same matter. We hope our friends will take a lenient view of this subject, and be as patient with us as we try to be with them. We of course have to take into consideration the interest and entertainment of at least a million of readers, and must, therefore, necessarily look at the subject rather more comprehensively than he or she who writes a letter about some purely personal affair, and considers only his or her own individual wishes in the matter.

G. B. L.—The course of instruction at the Military Academy at West Point extends through five years. During this time the cadet is allowed but one vacation, which occurs at the end of the second year, commencing about the 12th of June and terminating on the 28th of August. The discipline is extremely rigid, and the course of studies is the severest in America. A strong constitution is necessary to enable the cadet to bear up under them with credit and success. His pay is $24 a month, and his room is rent free. He pays a small sum for the use of his iron bedstead and table; the rest of his furniture he has to buy. His clothing, board, books, etc., are paid for out of his salary. In fact, he has to live entirely on his $24 a month; and as he is not allowed to receive money or supplies from home, he has to practise the most rigid economy. He is dismissed in disgrace if he cannot get along creditably with his studies, or if he is remiss in his duties, or in any way conducts himself improperly. In short, an idle, lazy, stupid ill-behaved boy stands no chance at all of getting along at West Point, or of avoiding being sent away in disgrace, and no favors are shown to anybody. Some of the most distinguished men in the Union have had their sons dismissed from the Military Academy at West Point.

Ex-Officio.—Your competitor comes nearer to the truth than you do in regard to the rank of national representatives in foreign countries; but neither of you is correct. A *charge d'affaires* is a diplomatic representative of the fourth grade, instead of the second; a resident minister is not equal to a minister plenipotentiary; nor is the latter of equal rank or dignity with an ambassador, who represents the person of his sovereign. The whole question of representative rank, etiquette and precedence was settled by the great powers at the congress of Vienna, in 1815, and at that of Aix La Chapelle, in 1818. They then divided diplomatic agents into four classes, namely: 1. Ambassadors, or papal legates or nuncios; 2. Envoys, ministers plenipotentiary, and other agents accredited to the sovereigns; 3. Ministers resident, accredited to sovereigns; 4. Charge d'affaires, accredited to the department of foreign relations. The precedence, at court ceremonials and on public occasions, of the members of these respective classes, is regulated by the date of the official notice of their arrival. The United States are usually represented, at the courts of the great powers of the first class, by ministers plenipotentiary, and at those of an inferior class by charges d'affaires; and they have never sent an agent of the rank of ambassador in the diplomatic sense.

A Down-Town Merchant.—We have reason to believe that you have good grounds for your complaint against the men who are connected with the Hoboken Ferry as gatekeepers and toll-gatherers. Some ignorant creatures when they are invested with a little brief authority are always anxious to exhibit it, and in that way invariably make themselves offensive. You should report the fellow's insolence to the owners of the Ferry, and we have no doubt you will get proper redress.

H., Fulton, Mo.—We never agreed to send anybody a bound volume of the Ledger for seventy-five cents, or for any other price. We have no bound volumes of the Ledger for sale, and never had any. We did at one time state that a man named Alexander had proposed to bind the Ledger for seventy-five cents, but he afterwards concluded that he could not afford to bind it for that sum. Our readers can get the Ledger bound by any book-binder they choose. We do not undertake anything in that line.

A. M., Newark.—You are certainly right. No State in the Union distinguished herself more nobly than New Jersey in our revolutionary struggle. Cobb's great Revolutionary Story, entitled *Karmel the Scout*; or, *The Rebel of the Jerseys*, which we published about a year ago, exhibited in a faithful manner many of the sufferings and sacrifices of the gallant sons and heroic daughters of that State. The people of the whole country owe them a debt of gratitude.

Louisville.—A minor cannot be held to a marriage engagement against his will. His minority does not exempt him, however, from the requirements of honor.

Disappointed.—We regret that you should feel the non-publication of your "poem" in the Ledger so keenly. However, the "peculiar circumstances" which you mention as so much aggravating your chagrin, are of your own making, and we are not responsible for them or for their effects upon you and your friends. Had you not told so many of your "intimate acquaintances" that you "had sent a poem to the Ledger which you were certain would be published," none of them would have known anything about it, and you would not have been "overwhelmed with mortification." You, and all other literary aspirants, should take warning by this, and not indulge in the unsafe practice of counting your honors before they have blossomed.

Orlando.—It may be that the iron of the numerous railroad tracks which stretch in so many directions across the country, has sufficient magnetic influence to affect the weather and the changes of the seasons, but we are not prepared to give an opinion on the subject. It would be a good question for discussion at some of our scientific conventions.

Vinton.—You would be very foolish to quit your study of the law for the purpose of "going on the stage." Such a change might be followed by a greater one, namely, from the *bar* to the *gallows*.

Samuel G. P. S.—The overcharge for the Ledger was of course unjust. Newsdealers in distant cities have to charge five cents sometimes, but anything more than that is an imposition.

Philo.—Unless you are acquainted with the judge, or know that he is fond of having his title applied to him in conversation, you should use "sir" instead of "judge"—especially as you are so young.

A Baltimorean.—We have been at some trouble to get at the facts necessary to answer your question about "Protectorates." The Protectorate of England by Oliver Cromwell was *not* the original of this system of government. Its invention is due to the Earl of Pembroke, whose Protectorate began Oct. 19, 1216, and ended with his death in the same year. The next was that of the Duke of Bedford, which began August 31, 1422, and ended with his death in Sept. 1435. The third was that of the Duke of Gloucester, which began April 9, 1483, and ended with his assumption of the crown in June of the same year! The fourth (that of Somerset) began Jan. 28, 1547, and ended with his resignation in 1549. The fifth (that of Oliver Cromwell) commenced Dec. 12, 1653, and terminated with his death, Sept. 3, 1658. The sixth and last (that of Richard Cromwell) began Sept. 4, 1658, and ended with his resignation in the April following! If such was the fate of Protectorates after the original idea—that of protecting the people of a Nation against their tyrannical rulers—what better are we to expect of the proposed North American Protectorate for Mexico, or the projected French Protectorate for Central America?

Zamora says she was coerced into a marriage, when she was but sixteen years old, with a man of sixty, whose only merit was wealth. She has never loved him, but has, on the contrary, disliked and despised him. Five years have passed since their wedding-day; now Zamora has met a man whom she loves. She has tried *not* to love him, but she could not, and can not now help doing so. She intended never to reveal her love, but to keep it a secret from all the world—or at least until it would not be improper to permit it to become known. But unfortunately the man she loves, and who fervently loves her, penetrated the secret, and now they understand each other. Zamora is utterly wretched and despairing, and wants to know what she can do, and what she ought to do. She should in the first place refuse to see the man she loves, and resolutely continue to do so. In the next place, she should constantly seek wisdom and strength from her Father in Heaven for guidance and support in the terrible conflict of passion and principle into which she has, against her own will, thus been drawn.

Jessamine.—Your very delicious ideas about love, wedded life, and the collaterals, are very well so far as theory and imagination go, but they have never been realized in actual life, and probably never will be. The most fortunate person in the world has troubles, and annoyances, and defects of body, mind and temper, enough to mar your "perfect happiness" theory; and no two persons are sufficiently consonant in disposition, taste and ambition, to prevent serious friction, first and last, in the matrimonial relations and the experiences of life. To a healthy nature, these troubles bring no unhappiness; in fact, we rather think that they add to the aggregate enjoyment of such a nature. They are merely obstacles to be surmounted, and not misfortunes to be whined over and pined over. You should get rid of your roseate fancies about love and marriage, else your imagination will become so diseased, and your tastes so artificial, that, like a stomach long fed on eau de cologne and rose leaves, they can never be restored to a state of sound, natural, and enjoyable health.

Michigander writes us, that having lost his first wife, whom he adored, he sought consolation in a second marriage, but unfortunately allied himself to "a perfect little female demon." She worried and annoyed him constantly, until he separated from her. They are still man and wife, never having been divorced; but he now wants to marry the sister of his first wife, and asks, "Would it be proper for me to engage myself to her *before* getting a divorce, and then consecrate the marriage after I have got free from my present unendurable partner?" You must be either devoid of delicacy or of principle even to conceive such a plan. You should at least wait until you become released from your present marriage bonds before contracting for others. Should it become known that you were engaged to a third person, before getting the divorce from your second wife, you might fail to get a decree of separation.

A Student.—The Gulf stream is a river in the ocean, which never overflows in the mightiest floods, and is never dried up in the severest drought. It is a portion of a great heating apparatus, similar to the hot water apparatus which is used for heating our dwellings; the torrid zone is the furnace, the Mexican Gulf and the Carribean Sea the cauldrons, the Gulf Stream the conducting pipe. The deepest place in the ocean is between 35° and 40° north latitude. The greatest depth yet found is four miles and three quarters. Water spouts are often two hundred yards high and twenty feet wide, but sometimes seven hundred yards high, and fifty yards wide. They are formed by clouds descending in a tunnel form, and appearing to lap the water with their black mouths.

W. V. S.—In giving a young lady an invitation to accompany you anywhere, it is only necessary to "express your idea" in the simplest form. "I should be very glad to have you go with me to the concert this evening;" "Will you permit me to accompany you to church this evening?" "Will you honor me with your company to the pic-nic next Thursday?" etc; these phrases, or any other phrase that will convey your wish to the person addressed, will answer.

Edith.—It is hardly possible for such a young man as you describe to associate intimately with an accomplished young lady, his superior in wealth and social position, and who exhibits a friendly interest in his welfare, without falling passionately in love with her. Nor would the danger be altogether on his side; if she were not very careful, her own heart would be gone before she was aware of it, unless she already loved some one else.

A Kentuckian.—You had better consult some clergyman in Louisville about your intended attendance at some school, and ask him for advice as to the best and cheapest place to go. Or, consult the editor of the Louisville journal. We are certain that he would take much pleasure in counseling an honest, industrious, and ambitious boy, such as you seem to be.

Samaritan.—You acted very generously in thus giving your enemy and traducer aid in his hour of sorest trial. Although his selfishness, obstinacy and pride may keep him from acknowledging *to you* the favor, he no doubt admits it to himself, and sometime when you least expect it, he will be apt to make a suitable recognition of the kindness.

Eighteenth Ward.—We can give you no salutary advice in regard to the management of such an unruly and evil-disposed wife as you describe. We never had the slightest experience in such matters. Your case, according to your representation of it, is a hard one, but we can only counsel patience and forbearance.

Invalid, Princeton, N. J.—We do not know anything about the "Association" to which you refer; but would advise you not to pay the managers thereof $20, or any other sum, in advance, for any purpose whatever. Let them perform their cure before asking for their pay.

For Back Numbers of the "Ledger" we charge *four* cents a copy. "The Storm Secret" runs through eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Mystic Bride," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Hebrew's Curse," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "Orion, the Gold Beater," fourteen numbers, price 56 cents; "Emma Davis," six numbers, price 24 cents; "Sarah Percival," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Refugees," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "Karmel, the Scout," twelve numbers, price 48 cents; "The Abducted Heiress," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Wild Knight," five numbers, price 20 cents; "The Wife's Conquest," six numbers, price 24 cents; "The Widow of Toledo," nine numbers, price 36 cents; "The Island Princess," seventeen numbers, price 68 cents; "Bion, the Wanderer, seventeen numbers, price 68 cents; "Lady Claudine," eight numbers, price 32 cents; "The Pioneer Patriot," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Crown Jewels," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "The Bride of an Evening," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "Rosalind Hubert," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "Blanche Bertrand," ten numbers, price 40 cents.

We will mail to any address either of the above-named stories on the receipt of the sum stated.

Discouraged Housekeeper.—We think that the secret of your weariness, lassitude, getting behind-hand in your work, ill health and discouragement, is mainly to be found in your injurious habits of sitting up late at night, and of lying in bed so late of mornings. It is a universal law of physiology that all *living* things flourish best in the light. Vegetables in a dark cellar grow pale and "spindling," and children brought up in mines are wan and stinted. The purification of the blood in the lungs is secured by the oxygen of the atmosphere absorbing its carbon and hydrogen. This combination forms carbonic acid and water, which are expired from our lungs into the atmosphere. All the vegetable world undergoes a similar process. In the light of day, all the leaves of vegetables absorb carbon and expire oxygen, thus supplying the air with its vital principle, and withdrawing the more deleterious element. But, *when the light is withdrawn, this process is reversed*, all vegetables then exhaling carbonic acid, and inspiring the oxygen of the air. Thus it appears that the atmosphere of day is much more healthful than that of the night, especially out of doors. Moreover, when the body is fatigued, it is much more liable to deleterious influences, from noxious particles in the atmosphere, which may be absorbed by the skin or lungs. In consequence of this, the last hours of daily labor are more likely to be those of risk, especially to delicate constitutions. This is a good reason for retiring to the house and to slumber at an early hour, that the body may not be exposed to the most risk, when, after the exertions of the day, it is least able to bear it. It is also an admitted fact, among those who are best informed on this subject, that during sleep the body perspires most freely, while neither food nor exercise are ministering to its wants, and that, if our slumbers are continued beyond the time necessary to restore the body to its usual vigor, there is an unperceived undermining of the constitution by this protracted and debilitating exhalation. This process, in a course of years, renders the body delicate and less able to withstand disease, and in the result shortens life. Thus you see how important to health are early retiring and early rising. As to household matters, it is certain that early rising is indispensable to a systematic and well-regulated family. Sluggardliness in the morning is certain to spoil the day, and make everything go off disjointedly and distractingly. Fretfulness, unpleasantness and discouragement follow, as a matter of course. You then go to bed late, wearied in body and harrassed in mind. Your slumber is neither sound nor refreshing. You are as fatigued in the morning as when you retired, and try to get rest by continuing to doze. You then rise late, oppressed with a sense of weariness, and conscious that the work will be behind-hand. And so you will go on, until your health fails entirely, and you will be glad to take refuge in the grave.

E. B.—Your repugnance to the passing around of the contribution boxes in your congregation every Sabbath, to collect money to pay off the debt resting upon the church, is quite natural, but you should bear it as you best can, and not cease your attendance for any such reason. Running in debt is a bad business in all cases, and as much so in church matters as in others. No congregation should erect a church edifice for which they do not expect to be able to pay almost as soon as the building is completed. No doubt, many sensitive persons (like yourself) are driven from attendance at their regular place of worship by constant "begging," consequent upon such indebtedness of their society, and eventually cease going to church altogether. But you should not shrink in the case you mention. Your society is in debt, and that debt *must* be paid, else the society must be broken up. Would you like to see it broken up? Suppose you should withdraw for the reason given, and others should continue to follow your example until none were left! Others have as good a right to withdraw as you have. No doubt the clergyman is as much annoyed by the practice referred to as you are, and those upon whom the duty of carrying around the contribution boxes devolves must be the most annoyed of all. You should all take hold and relieve your society of the burden as speedily as possible, and then the satisfaction you will enjoy will amply compensate you for those previous annoyances.

Professor.—It is not probable that this country or England will ever produce such orators as Demosthenes, Cicero, Anthony, and other eloquent Greeks and Romans, because the hard-headed, matter-of-fact people who compose our audiences, and the fixed principles of our law and equity, chill and kill the spirit of eloquence. A great lawyer, now-a-days, in arguing a case before a bench of judges, has to confine himself to facts, principles and precedents. Should he attempt any flights of fancy, or indulge in "burning tides of pathos," he would be laughed at and quietly sneered down. So it is in Congress and in Parliament. When Edmund Burke, in the fine frenzy of his indignation against the French revolution, produced a dagger from his bosom one night in the House of Commons, as the most expressive emblem of the designs which the red republicans had in contemplation, some members deemed him mad, others scarcely suppressed their laughter, and his most attached friends blushed with mortification. A Roman or Athenian audience of the olden time would have first thrilled with horror, and then roared with indignation at such a climax to an awful burst of vehement eloquence.

A Clerk.—You should not flatter your employer when you know that he is in reality perpetrating a fraud. When he consults you, speak your mind candidly and plainly. And here we are reminded of an incident in history which may profit you and our young readers generally to know. It is told of one of the Kings of England—George the Fourth, if our memory serves us faithfully—and is briefly this: He put several clergymen on trial in the royal chapel. They all flattered him, immoral as they must have known his habits to be, but one. He gave an awful portraiture of courtly vice in contrast with the increased responsibility created by the kingly crown. For this he was taken to task, by his friends, as one worse than a fool, "to not only thus cut himself off from preferment, but to arouse the resentment of the monarch besides." But the faithful preacher defended his plain-speaking as prompted by his sense of duty, and the king gave him the place, remarking that he awarded it as a reward of his rare faithfulness. "For," said he, "the preacher who has been so plain-spoken to me, will never shrink from the truth before my court or my subjects!"

George.—The mental faculties are strengthened by use, and paralyzed by disuse. In this respect they are like the muscles of the physical man. Just as the right arm of the blacksmith is developed, in its muscular strength, by wielding the sledge, so are the powers of the mind affected by exercise or inaction. Nay, the very power of speech, which is an intellectuo-muscular faculty, may be lost by disuse—that is, its power to convey thought through the media of the articulate sounds composing language. This was demonstrated by the influence of his island seclusion upon the mind of Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe. Better, far better, to wear out the Godlike mind in overactivity for some useful end than to let it rust away in that sort of intellectual idleness which causes one to "whistle for want of thought." Even if your father is rich, and you can live without either mental or physical labor, you had better seek some useful employment.

Lillian says a young city friend of hers, who joined the church during the late revival, was recently on a visit to his relatives in the country, and while walking out one Sunday evening, he tossed his knife up in the air a few times, to see if it would come down on the point of the blade. An enemy of his said he would write about this "desecration of the Sabbath" to the clergyman of the church in New York of which the young man is a member, and have him expelled. This has given Lillian much pain, and she is anxious to know what would probably be done by the clergyman, should the threatened letter be written. Nothing would be done by the clergyman, except the casting aside of the silly and malicious letter. He would pay no attention to it.

J. C. T.—It would not be improper for you to bow and speak to the young lady whom you so much admire. In the city it would not answer; but in the country, where every one's character is well known, the reins of etiquette are not held with an inflexible hand.

Independence.—There is no prescribed age at which a boy must begin to learn his trade. If he is going to learn it with his father, the sooner he begins to handle the tools the better. From fourteen to sixteen is the age at which masters like to take apprentices.

John B.—Yes. Diving and remaining long under water often seriously affects the sense of hearing; and if you have a tendency to deafness, you should not indulge in such submarine sports.

Fred Gould.—Your subscriptions were received and taken care of, but the portion of the letter containing your "query" got torn off, so we cannot insert the problem. Send it along again.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*